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BERNARD MOSES

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THE CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

------ NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS,
NEC MALE NECNE LEPOS SALTET; SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS. ----

HOR.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

OXFORD,
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BERNARD MOSES

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THE

THE CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. *TOWN*,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

NUMB. LXXI. *Thurſday, June* 5, 1756.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modò triſti, ſæpe jocoſo.
HOR.

I write, as I would talk; am ſhort, and clear;
Not clogg'd with words, that load the wearied ear:
A grave dull Eſſay now and then goes down;
But folks expect to laugh with Mr. TOWN.

AMONG the ſeveral degrees of authors, there are none perhaps, who have more obſtacles to ſurmount at their ſetting out, than the writers of periodical eſſays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain

attempt after the inimitable SPECTATOR and others; that all the proper ſubjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impoſſible to find out a new field for obſervation, as to diſcover a new world. With theſe prejudices, the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the ſtale repetition of the ſame fare, though toſſed up in a different manner, they ſit down with but little reliſh for the entertainment.

THAT the SPECTATOR firſt led the way, muſt undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers muſt for that reaſon be always ſuppoſed to tread in his ſteps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are ſeveral extenſive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may ſtrike into, without the neceſſity of keeping the ſame beaten track with thoſe that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually preſent themſelves; and even the ſame characters will appear different by being differently diſpoſed, as in the ſame pack of cards, though ever ſo often ſhuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

AFTER this introduction I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myſelf in ſpeaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the

the public. And firſt, whatever objections the reader may have had to the ſubjects of my papers, I ſhall make no apology for the manner, in which I have choſe to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleaſed to call) colloquial barbariſms, has induced ſome unſkilful writers to ſwell their bloated diction with uncouth phraſes and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expreſſion, merely for the ſake of introducing a more ſounding word with a *Latin* termination. The *Engliſh* language is ſufficiently copious and expreſſive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words ſeem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompouſly uſhered in: as *Britiſh* ſoldiers fight our battles better than the alien troops taken into our pay.

THE ſubjects of my eſſays have been chiefly ſuch, as I though might recommend themſelves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reaſon I purpoſely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing ſcraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the SPECTATOR is inimitable; nor could I hope to ſay any thing new upon theſe topics after ſo many

excellent moral and religious eſſays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myſelf with expoſing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without aſſuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroſeneſs of a philoſopher. I have rather choſe to undermine our faſhionable exceſſes, by ſecret ſapping, than to ſtorm them by open aſſault. In a word, upon all occaſions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced, that the ſting of reproof is not leſs ſharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one.

THERE are ſome points in the courſe of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more ſerious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of expoſing the abſurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthuſiaſts. The Enthuſiaſt is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; becauſe the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conſcious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himſelf into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is oppoſed, the more he conſiders himſelf as "patiently ſuffer-"ing for the truth's ſake." Ignorance is too ſtubborn

ſtubborn to yield to conviction; and on the other hand, thoſe, whom "a *little* learning has made "mad," are too proud and ſelf-ſufficient to hearken to the ſober voice of reaſon. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out ſuperſtition, by making it's followers aſhamed of themſelves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boaſted weapons of ridicule againſt them; and as they themſelves endeavour to banter others out of every ſerious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the Pſalmiſt) ſhould "laugh them to ſcorn, and have them "in deriſion."

It is with infinite pleaſure that I find myſelf ſo much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. *Baldwin* with no leſs pleaſure informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the Folio edition, he intends to collect my papers into Two Pocket Volumes. The reader cannot conceive how much I already pride myſelf on the charming figure, which my works will make in this new form; and I ſhall endeavour to render theſe volumes as complete as I poſſible can, by ſeveral conſiderable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the ſmall ſpace of a twelves volume, I ſtill

hope to maintain my former dignity; like the Devils in *Milton's Pandæmonium*, who,

— — — — — To ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large.

THE SPECTATOR has very elegantly compared his ſingle papers, as they came out, to "cherries on a ſtick," of the dearneſs of which the purchaſers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taſte with choice fruit at it's earlieſt production. I have conſidered my own papers as ſo many flowers, which joined together, would make up a pretty noſegay; and though each of them ſingly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by an happy union of their ſweets.

THE learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has ſometimes put my ſcholarſhip to a ſtand, I could by no means diſpenſe with: for ſuch is the prevalence of cuſtom, that the moſt finiſhed eſſay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a noſe. But cuſtom has impoſed upon us a new taſk, of giving tranſlations to theſe mottos; and it has been

been the uſual method to copy them promiſcuouſly from *Dryden* or *Francis:* though (as *Denham* has remarked of tranſlation in general) "the ſpirit of "the original is evaporated in the transfuſion, "and nothing is left behind but a mere *caput* "*mortuum.*" A motto, as it ſtands in the original, may be very appoſite to the ſubject of the eſſay, though nothing to the purpoſe in the common tranſlation: and it frequently derives all it's elegance from an humorous application, in a different ſenſe to what it bears in the author, but of which not the leaſt trace can appear in the verſion. For this reaſon I have determined to give entire new tranſlations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the preſent times. And theſe, I flatter myſelf, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as ſome of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque alluſions to modern manners. In this dreſs they will at leaſt appear more of a piece with the eſſays themſelves; and not like the patch-work of random tranſlations.

In the mean time I ſhall only add, that if any Nobleman, Gentleman, or Rich Citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of theſe volumes, he is deſired to ſend in propoſals,

ſals, together with a liſt of his virtues and good qualities, to the publiſher; and the Dedication ſhall be diſpoſed of to the beſt bidder.

*** None but principals will be treated with.

T

NUM LXXII. *Thurſday, June* 12, 1755.

——Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
HOR.

What though our ſongs to wit have no pretence,
The fiddle-ſtick ſhall ſcrape them into ſenſe.

THE managers of our Public Gardens, willing to make their ſummer diverſions as complete as poſſible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of muſic, but are alſo at much expence to amuſe us with the old *Engliſh* entertainment of Ballad-ſinging. For this end they not only retain the beſt voices that can be procured, but each of them alſo has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a ſtated ſalary, and the run of the Gardens. The productions of theſe petty laureats naturally come within my notice as CRITIC: and, indeed, whether I am at *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*,

lagh, *Marybone*, or even *Saddler's Wells*, I indulge myſelf in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the Songs as to the Caſcade, the Fireworks, or Miſs *Iſabella Wilkinſon*.

BALLADS ſeem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a ſpecies of compoſition, in which we are ſuperior to all other nations. Many of our old *Engliſh* Songs have in them an affecting ſimplicity; and it is remarkable, that our beſt writers have not been aſhamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Roſcommon*, *Rowe*, *Gay*, *Prior*, and many others, have left behind them very elegant Ballads: but it muſt be confeſſed, to the honour of the preſent age, that it was reſerved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the Ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical, as a carpenter or a blackſmith.

SWIFT, in his Voyage to *Laputa*, deſcribes a machine to write books in all arts and ſciences: I have alſo read of a mill to make verſes; and remember to have ſeen a curious table, by the aſſiſtance of which the moſt illiterate might amuſe themſelves in compoſing hexameters and pentameters

in *Latin*: Inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of *Grub-ſtreet* or others are ambitious to enliſt themſelves as hackney ſonnetteers, are deſired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern Song-writers: a ſet of geniuſes excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as Garden-Poets, as the celebrated *Taylor* is now famous under the denomination of Water-Poet.

I MUST beg leave poſitively to contradict any reports, inſinuating that our Ballad-makers are in poſſeſſion of ſuch a machine, mill, or table as above-mentioned; and believe it to be equally falſe, that it is their practice to huſtle certain quaint terms and phraſes together in an hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been aſſerted on ſome juſt ground, that their productions are totally void of ſenſe and expreſſion, that they have little rhyme and leſs reaſon, and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonſenſical rhapſodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taſte, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumſtance, which I, who am profeſſedly a

CONNOISSEUR,

CONNOISSEUR, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all compoſers of muſic, that nothing is ſo melodious as nonſenſe. Manly ſenſe is too harſh and ſtubborn to go through the numberleſs diviſions and ſub-diviſions of modern muſic, and to be trilled forth in crochets and demiquavers. For this reaſon, thought is ſo cautiouſly ſprinkled over a modern Song; which it is the buſineſs of the ſinger to warble into ſentiment.

OUR Ballad-makers for the moſt part ſlide into the familiar ſtile, and affect that eaſy manner of writing, which (according to *Wycherly*) is eaſily written. Seeing the dangerous conſequence of meaning, in words adapted to muſic, they are very frugal of ſentiment: and indeed they huſband it ſo well, that the ſame thoughts are adapted to every ſong. The only variation requiſite in twenty Ballads is, that the laſt line of the ſtanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole Song conſiſts: and the author, whether *he ſhall die if he has not the laſs of the mill*, or *deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs*, turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a ſimilar ſound, and every verſe jingles to the ſame word, with all the agreeable variety of a ſet of bells eternally ringing the ſame peal.

THE authors of love-ſongs formerly waſted a great deal of poetry in illuſtrating their own paſſion and the beauty of their miſtreſs; but our modern poets content themſelves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of theſe rhymers, than a miſtreſs with an hard name: ſuch a misfortune ſends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, ſciences, and languages for correſpondent terms; and after all perhaps the name is ſo harſh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verſe, as the celebraters of the Duke of *Marlborough* were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the *Dutch* Towns taken in Queen *Anne*'s wars. *Valentine in Love for Love*, when he talks of turning poet, orders *Jeremy* to get the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our Ballad-makers, and which, if properly made uſe of, would be of as much ſervice to them as *Byſhe's Art of Poetry*.

FEARING leſt this method of Song-writing ſhould one day grow obſolete, in order to preſerve to poſterity ſome idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a ſpecimen of the modern manner. I muſt however be ingenuous enough to confeſs, that I can claim no farther merit in this

this elegant piece than that of compiler. It is a Cento from our moſt celebrated new Songs; from which I have carefully culled all the ſweeteſt flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different Songs ſet to different tunes, I would humbly propoſe, that this curious performance ſhould be ſung jointly by all the beſt voices, in the manner of a *Dutch* concert, where every man ſings his own tune. I had once ſome thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the Song, whence it is taken, was firſt ſung. But I ſhall ſpare myſelf that trouble, by deſiring the reader to look on the whole piece, as ariſing from a coalition of our moſt eminent Song-writers at *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, *Marybone*, and *Sadler's Wells*: aſſuring him, that this ſhort dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expreſſion from the Fine Lady in *Lethe*) the *Quinſetence* and *Emptity* of all our modern Songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN *CORYDON* and *SUSAN*.

Suſ. AH! whither ſo faſt would my *Corydon* go?
Step in, you've nothing elſe to do.

Cor. They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer no, no;
So I wiſh I may die if I do.

Once

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie,
And I figh'd but I could not tell why.
Now let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.
Suf. O fye, ſhepherd, fye, ſhepherd, fye.

Cor. Though you bid me begone back again,
Yet, *Sukey*, no matter for that.
The women love kiſſing as well as the men.
Suf. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;
Upon my word he did.
Cor. I ſwear I meant nothing but playing the fool.
Suf. Very fine! very pretty indeed!

Cor. Come, come, my dear *Sukey*, to church let us go;
No more let your anſwer be no.
Suf. The duce ſure is in him to plague a maid ſo:
I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS by BOTH.

No courtiers can be ſo happy as we,
Who bill like the ſparrow and dove.
I love *Sue*, and *Sue* loves me,
Sure this is mutual love.

T

NUMB. LXXIII. *Thurſday, June* 19, 1756.

—— —— Secernere ſacra profanis. HOR.

Wherever God erects an houſe of pray'r,
The Devil always has a chapel there. DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in *Weſtminſter* Abbey, among the many oſtentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help obſerving a little ſtone, on which was this pompous inſcription—*Eternæ Memoriæ Sacrum*—Sacred to the Eternal Memory of ——. The name of the perſon to whom immortality was thus ſecured, is almoſt obliterated; and perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and ſoon forgot by the ſmall circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I HAVE been uſed to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is ſet down a long catalogue of virtues that nobody knew they were poſſeſſed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of theſe poſthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly ſuſpected, as we are generally told, that the diſconſolate widow, or weeping

ing ſon, erected the monument in teſtimony of their affliction for the loſs of the kindeſt huſband, or moſt affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's deceaſe, would refuſe to ſet her hand to it on his tomb-ſtone, that he was the beſt of huſbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? or what heir would be ſo baſe and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his eſtate?

By the extravagant praiſes, which are thus indiſcriminately laviſhed on the aſhes of every perſon alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and juſtice to the virtuous and the good. But by the preſent practice the reputations of men are equally confounded with their duſt in the grave, where there is no diſtinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed ſearchers to enquire, when any one dies, into the cauſe of his death: in the ſame manner I could wiſh, that ſearchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-ſtone.

The flatteries, that are paid to the deceaſed, are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their ſurvivors, which

which is the ſame among the loweſt as the higheſt ſet of people. When an obſcure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at *Iſlington*, the news-papers are ſtuffed with the ſame detail of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overſeer of a little hamlet has a painted board ſtuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a diſtich ſetting forth the godlineſs of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who repoſes under a grand mauſoleum erected to his memory, with a long liſt of his titles and heroic deeds.

THE great, indeed, have found means to ſeparate themſelves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their aſhes depoſited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the moſt ſuperb monuments: but the falſe pomp of the monument, as well as the groſs flattery of the inſcription, often tends only to make the deceaſed ridiculous. In my late viſit to *Weſtminſter* Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of Taſte, which has prevailed in ſetting up theſe edifices for the dead. In former times, it was thought ſufficient to clap up the buſt or ſtatue of the deceaſed, ſet round perhaps with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or ſtation of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed

pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was ſpread out at full length in a complete ſuit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him; and the biſhop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head reſting on a ſtone bible, and his hands joined together in the poſture of praying.

IF *Socrates*, or any other of the ancient philoſophers could revive again, and be admitted into *Weſtminſter* Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himſelf in a *Pantheon*. The Modern Taſte, not content with introducing *Roman* temples into our churches, and repreſenting the Virtues under allegorical images, has ranſacked all the fabulous accounts of the Heathen Theology to ſtrike out new embelliſhments for our *Chriſtian* monuments. We are not in the leaſt ſurpriſed to ſee *Mercury* attending the tomb of an orator, and *Pallas* or *Hercules* ſupporting that of a warrior. If there is not a ſtop put to this Taſte, we may ſoon expect to ſee our churches, inſtead of being dedicated to the ſervice of religion, ſet apart for the reception of the Heathen Gods. A deceaſed admiral will be repreſented like *Neptune*, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a ſhell by dolphins, preceded by *Tritons*, and followed by *Nereids* laſhing

ing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like *Mars*, bearing an helmet and ſpear in poliſhed ſtone; and a celebrated toaſt will be ſtuck up naked, like the *Venus de Medicis*, cut in alabaſter. Our pious forefathers were contented with exhibiting to us the uſual emblems of death, the hour-glaſs, the ſkull, and the croſs-marrow-bones. Theſe emblems, if not very elegant, were at leaſt not indecent: but now the Three Fatal Siſters, mentioned in the Heathen Mythology, muſt be introduced ſpinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the laſt century ſee a winged figure blowing a trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to miſtake it for an arch-angel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, "when "the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall riſe." But the deſign, we are told, is very different; and this winged meſſenger is no other than the ancient perſonage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a ſeparate place, diſtinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wiſh to ſee ſuch a ſcheme put in execution: for the preſent abſurd mixture of the ſeveral objects of the *Pagan* and *Chriſtian* belief, as repreſented

repreſented on the tombs lately ſet up in compliance with the Modern Taſte, muſt be ſhocking to every ſerious beholder. Should any one propoſe to take down from St. *Paul*'s cathedral thoſe paintings of Sir *James Tornhill* repreſenting the tranſactions of St. *Paul*, and in their place to ſet up *Titian*'s pictures of the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, every one would be ſhocked at the impiety of the propoſal. But the faſhion of introducing Heathen Deities into our monuments is not much leſs abſurd: and as *Milton* has been blamed for his frequent alluſions to the Heathen Theology in his Sacred Poem, ſurely we are more to be condemned for admitting the whole claſs of their fictitious deities into the Houſe of God itſelf. A reformation in this point is no leſs neceſſary than from the *Popiſh* ſuperſtitions; and theſe profane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be ſet up in the Temple of the Living Lord, than thoſe of the canonized Saints of the *Roman* Catholics.

MODERN Taſte is continually ſtriking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our ſtatuaries have travelled through the ancient *Pantheon*, and exhauſted all the ſubjects of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Mythology, we ſhall have recourſe to the ſuperſtitions of other nations

nations for the deſigns of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with *Ægyptian* Hieroglyphics, and the tomb of ſome future hero may be built according to the model of the Prophet's tomb at *Mecca*. It is not to be doubted, but that the *Chineſe* Taſte, which has already taken poſſeſſion of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will alſo ſoon find it's way into our churches: and how elegant muſt a monument appear, which is erected in the *Chineſe* Taſte, and embelliſhed with dragons, bells, Pagods, and Mandarins!

O

NUMB. LXXIV. *Thurſday, June* 26, 1755.

— — — Non ita Romuli
Præſcriptum, et intonſi Catonis
Auſpiciis, veterumque normâ. HOR.

Rome *boaſts her ſons, a race of ſtubborn fools,*
To virtue train'd by grey-beard Cato's *rules:*
Such rigid pride our modeſt youth diſclaim,
Great in their crimes, and glorious in their ſhame.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the faſhion of drawing invidious parallels between the preſent times and the paſt. The grumbling politician rails over his

his coffee at the preſent miniſtry, and reminds you with a ſigh of the golden days of Queen *Beſs*: while, in matters of leſs conſequence, the critic ſhakes his head at Mr. TOWN, and mentions BICKERSTAFF. But the moraliſts are above all others devoted to this practice. Theſe wiſe gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and condemning what lays immediately before them by retroſpect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have ſcarce more words in their mouths, than the ſolemn ſentences ſaid to be delivered by Friar *Bacon*'s Brazen Head, *Time is — Time was — Time is paſt.*

NO compariſons of this ſort are ſo frequently repeated, and ſo much inſiſted on, as thoſe drawn between the Ancients and Moderns. If an eloquent member of the Houſe of Commons is cruelly ſuſpected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*. If a gentleman or perhaps a nobleman, with an heavy mortgage upon his eſtate, diſencumbers it by ſelling his intereſt at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one *Roman*, that was not aſhamed to follow the plough tail, and another, who could refuſe large bribes, and content himſelf with a cottage and turnips.

turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate ſlip, ſhe is told again and again of *Lucretia*, and fifty other ſchool-boy tales of honour and chaſtity. In a word, there is not one faſhionable frailty, but has ſome ſtubborn antiquated virtue ſet in oppoſition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with deſtruction, for it's degeneracy from the rigid maxims of *Rome* or *Sparta*.

In the midſt of all theſe ſevere reflections, it gives me infinite pleaſure, that I can with juſtice take notice of the inconteſtible ſuperiority of the Moderns in point of Modeſty. The arrogance of the Ancients was ſo remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character, they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a ſtrict obſervance of all the duties of life: and if ſome old *Romans* had been ſtiled Gods while living, it would not have been ſuch groſs flattery as was afterwards practiſed in honouring the Emperors with an *Apotheoſis*. Their inflexible honeſty was their perpetual boaſt, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a Perfect Character among the Ancients naturally urged them to lift themſelves to an invidious ſuperiority above the reſt of the world: while the modeſt Moderns, by taking all the vices, inſtead of the virtues, into their

their notion of a Fine Gentleman, endeavour to let themſelves down to a level with the loweſt of their ſpecies, and have laid the ſureſt foundation for humility. Fine Gentlemen are ſo far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing, which gives them the leaſt reaſon to be ſo: and our Fine Ladies have none of the diſguſting haughtineſs of virtue, though indeed, they are ſeldom known to be aſhamed.

It is impoſſible to deviſe any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might poſſibly conceive of himſelf, that has not been put in practice. No Fine Gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give ſome little occaſion for pride, the greateſt pains have been taken to deſtroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in drunkenneſs, and a ſtrong conſtitution ſweated away in bagnios: and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, leſt improvement ſhould bring on pedantry and literary pride. The moſt ſhining parts in the character of a Fine Gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dreſſes genteelly, rides well, can ſhoe his own horſe, and is poſſeſſed of ſome other qualifications which nobody can ever ſuſpect, that a mind, the leaſt given to ambition, would ever labour to acquire.

For

For my part I am ſo far from agreeing with our Satiriſt, that the love of fame is the univerſal paſſion, that when I obſerve the behaviour of our Fine Gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the loweſt and humbleſt turn of mind. Indeed, their ſingular Modeſty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meaneſt and moſt contemptible light.

NOTHING but this invincible Modeſty, and fear of ſeeming to aim at excellence, could ever give riſe to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful. Good eyes, for inſtance, are univerſally acknowledged to give luſtre to the whole countenance; yet faſhion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through ſpying glaſſes. It has been known to be the vogue for perſons of faſhion to loſe the uſe of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled: this practice I daily expect to be revived: for I take it for granted, that the tall ſtaves now carried about muſt naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate liſp even now infects the delivery in polite converſation. It is not at all unfaſhionable to pretend deafneſs; and unleſs the ladies object to it, I do no deſpair

of ſeeing the time, when the whole modiſh world ſhall affect to be dumb.

THIS humble way of thinking has been carried ſo far, that it has even introduced a new ſpecies of hypocriſy. Fine Gentlemen, fearing leſt their good qualities ſhould in their own deſpite overbalance their bad ones, claim ſeveral vices, to which they have no title. There is ſomething very admirable and ingenuous in this diſpoſition among our young people, who not only candidly diſcover all their frailties, but accuſe themſelves of faults, which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow, who is almoſt every morning complaining of the head-ache, and curſing the laſt night's Champagne at the *St. Alban*'s, when I am well aſſured he paſſed his evening very ſoberly with his maiden aunts in *Cheapſide*. I am alſo acquainted with another gentleman, who is very fond of confeſſing his intrigues, and often modeſtly takes ſhame to himſelf for the great miſchief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too baſhful even to make love to his laundreſs. He ſometimes laments publickly the unlucky conſequences of an amour, and has more than once been diſcovered to ſend pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himſelf, to be left at the bar of neighbouring

neighbouring coffee-houſes. The ſame humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conſcience, and affect the character and converſation of an atheiſt. To ſay the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worſe than they really are. Many of our pretended Bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremaſters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little ſincere in their boaſts of vice, as ſtateſmen or beauties in their mutual profeſſions of friendſhip.

THAT part of the female world, which compoſes the order of Fine Ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the Fine Gentlemen. There is ſomething ſo charming in the fair ſex, that we ſhould almoſt adore them, if they did not lay aſide all the pride of reputation, and by ſome good-natured familiarities reduce themſelves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to obſerve, with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we ſee them almoſt as naked as the *Graces*, it is natural to ſuppoſe them, as warmly devoted to *Venus*; and when we hear them talk looſely, and encourage double meanings in con-

verſation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very ſtrict or ſevere. But after all, this is frequently mere hypocriſy, and the effect of humility... Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modeſt; and many a coquet has loſt her reputation without loſing her virtue. I make no doubt, but that ſeveral ladies of ſuſpicious characters are not ſo bad as they ſeem, and that there are honourable perſons among the gayeſt of our women of quality.

To return whence I ſet out, the extraordinary Modeſty of the Moderns, ſo averſe to the arrogant pride of the Ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatſoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at leaſt the appearance of vice, becomes abſolutely requiſite to paſs through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of ſpirit. As Sir *John Brute* ſays, "they were ſneaking dogs, and afraid of being "damned in thoſe days;" but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To ſecure the nobility, gentry, and others, from ſo ſhocking an imputation, a friend of mine will ſpeedily preſent the world with a curious piece compiled from the practice and principles of the preſent times, entitled, *A New Treatiſe on Ethics; or, a Syſtem of*

of Immoral *Philoſophy*. In this work he has treated at large of Modern Modeſty, ſhewn the excellence and utility of Immorality, and conſidered Drinking, Whoring, Fighting, and Gaming, as the four Cardinal Vices, or in other words, the principal conſtituents of Bucks, Bloods, and Fine Gentlemen.

O

NUMB. LXXV. *Thurſday, July* 3, 1755.

Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. — HOR.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in an human ſhape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable diſpoſition creates a love and eſteem for us in the reſt of mankind, as an handſome perſon recommends us to the good graces of the fair ſex. It may be further obſerved, that any little defect in point of figure is ſooner overlooked, than a ſourneſs in the temper; and we conceive a more laſting diſguſt at a moroſe churliſhneſs of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-Nature is, indeed, ſo amiable a qualification,

cation, that every man would be thought to poſſeſs it: and the ladies themſelves would no more like to be accuſed of a perverſe turn of mind, than of an unhappy caſt of features. Hence it proceeds, that thoſe unfortunate ſtale virgins, uſually called Old Maids, have both theſe heavy cenſures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

SOME perſons are (according to the ſtrict import of the phraſe itſelf) born Good-Natured. Theſe fortunate people are eaſy in themſelves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, conſtitutionally pleaſing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in converſation, than an *Hamilton* or a *Coventry* can be otherwiſe than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of thoſe who are naturally endowed "with "the ſoft parts of converſation," to be careful not to deprave or abuſe them. They muſt not rely too confidently on their native ſweetneſs of diſpoſition: for we ſhould no more eſteem a man, who diſcovered a negligence of pleaſing, than we ſhould admire a beauty, who was an intolerable flattern. Nor, on the other hand, ſhould they let their Good-nature run to an exceſs of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engageing temper has been as often ſpoiled by this troubleſome

ſome politeneſs, as a fine ſhape has been ſqueezed into frightful diſtortions by tight ſtays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requiſite, even in thoſe few who are bleſt with this native complacency and good humour, how neceſſary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpoſe it would be fully ſufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily uſed to ſet off their perſons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and eſſence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered ſuits and *French* peruques, but this anxiety to ſupply any perſonal defect has ſet the invention of artificers to work with ſo much earneſtneſs, that there is ſcarce any external blemiſh, which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their aſſiſtance be made a model for a ſtatuary, or a pattern for a painter to ſtudy. If you want an inch in height, your ſhoe-maker can ſupply it; and your hoſier can furniſh you with a pair of calves, that may put an *Iriſhman* to the bluſh. An irregularity in your ſhape can be made inviſible by your taylor, or at leaſt by the artiſt near the *Haymarket*, who daily gives no-

tice that he makes ſteel ſtays for all thoſe, who are INCLINED *to be crooked.* There are various beautifying lotions and coſmetics, that will cure ſpots and freckles in the complexion, and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the fineſt brown. Do you want an eye? *Taylor* will fill the vacant ſocket with as bright a piercer, as the family of the *Pentweazles* can boaſt. Or is your mouth *deficient* for want of teeth? *Paul Jullion*, (to uſe his own phraſe) will *rectify your head*, and will fix a ſet in your gums as even and as white, as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-ſweeper. Theſe, and many other inventions no leſs curious and extraordinary have been deviſed; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been ſubmitted to with patience, to conquer perſonal deformities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broken a ſecond time, becauſe it had been ſet awry; and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breaſt, occaſioned by the application of repelling plaiſters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be deſtroyed. I moſt heartily wiſh the ſame reſolution was diſcovered in improving the diſpoſition. *Tully*, in that part of his *Offices* where he ſpeaks of Grace, tells us, "that it is deſtroyed by any "violent perturbations either of the body or "mind."

"mind." It is a pity, that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; ſince it is likely, they would ſpare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their perſons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worſe figure with an ignorant pate, that an unpowdered peruque: and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a ſmart cocked hat; that anger ſets like a blood-ſhot in the eyes, while Good-Nature lights them up with ſmiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

THE difficulty of being convinced that we want this ſocial turn, is the grand reaſon, that ſo little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be perſuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemiſhes of the mind more eaſily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body: but alas! every man is in his own opinion ſenſible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, poſſible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an aukward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by waſhes and a dancing-maſter; but when the mind is accuſed, ſelf-adulation, the moſt fatal ſpecies of flattery, makes us cajole ourſelves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own diſpoſition, but in that of our companions;

as the mad inhabitants of *Moorfields* conclude all that come to viſit them out of their ſenſes. This fooliſh flattery it is, that makes us think ourſelves inflexibly in the right, while we are obſtinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleaſure in ſociety. A whimſical perſon complains of the fickleneſs of his acquaintance, and conſtantly accuſes them of fancy and caprice; and there never was an inſtance of a poſitive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverſeneſs and obſtinacy of the reſt of the world. A modern Buck damns you for a ſullen fellow, if you refuſe a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a ſneaking ſcoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuſe to lay all night in the roundhouſe. The untractable humouriſt, while he diſguſts all that are about him, conceives himſelf to be the perſon affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the converſation, though he is himſelf the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that "the eye ſees not itſelf:" but when this blind partiality is carried ſo far, as to induce us to believe thoſe guilty of the folly, who make us ſenſible of it, it is ſurely as abſurd as to imagine, that the hair lip or carbuncled noſe a man ſees in the glaſs, belongs to the figure in the mirrour, and not to his own face.

PERFECTION

PERFECTION is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their perſons: Natural defects and irregularities in both muſt be overlooked and excuſed. But then equal attention ſhould be paid to both; and we ſhould not be anxious to cloath the perſon, and at the ſame time let the mind go naked. We ſhould be equally aſſiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dreſſed, we ſhould take care that Good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole; which will throw the ſame grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the faſhion. In order to acquire theſe good qualities, we ſhould examine ourſelves impartially, and not erect ourſelves into judges, and treat all the reſt of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a perſon of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hoſe, and the habit worn in the days of Queen *Elizabeth*, and while he ſtrutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuſe all the reſt of the world of being out of the faſhion?

I CANNOT conclude better than with a paſſage from *Swift's Tale of a Tub*, where the ſtrict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and the

body is humourouſly pointed out. "Man "(ſays he) is a *Miero-Coat*. As to his body "there can be no doubt; but examine even the "acquirements of his mind, you will find them "all contribute in their order towards furniſhing "out an exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; "is not *Religion* a Cloak, *Honeſty* a pair of "Shoes worn out in the dirt, *Self-Love* a ſur-"tout, *Vanity* a Shirt, and *Conſcience* a pair of "Breeches, which, though a cover for lewd-"neſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down "for the ſervice of both?"

O

NUMB. LXXVI. *Thurſday, July* 10, 1755.

Vomeris huc & falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Ceſſit amor: recoquunt patrios fornacibus enſes:
Claſſica jamque ſonant: it bello teſſera ſignum.
VIRG.

The ſcythe neglected, and forgot the plough,
The ruſtic knits his politician brow:
His grandſire's ruſty ſword he longs to weild,
While guns, drums, trumpets call him to the field.

THE *Britiſh* Lion, who has for a long time paſt been a paſſive couchant beaſt, or at moſt been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has rouſed the

the whole nation, and the meaneſt of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the *French* on our colonies are the general topic of converſation, and the popular cry now runs, NEW *England for ever!* Peace or war has been the ſubject of bets at *White's*, as well as the debates at the *Robin Hood*; and "a fleet roaſting, new world's new dreſs, the colonies in a rope, &c." were, laſt Sunday, the ſubjects of a prayer and lecture at the Oratory in *Clare-Market*. The theatres alſo, before they cloſed the ſeaſon, entertained us with ſeveral warlike dramas: The *Preſs-gang* was exhibited at *Covent-Garden*; and at *Drury-Lane* the ſame ſea, that rolled it's canvaſs billows in pantomime at the beginning of the ſeaſon to carry *Harlequin* to *China*, was again put in motion to tranſport our ſailors to *North-America*. At preſent the ſtreets ring with the martial ſtrains of our ballad-ſingers, who are endeavouring, like *Tyrtæus* of old, to rouſe their fellow countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to *Portſmouth* to ſee mock-fights, and be regaled with pickled pork and ſea-biſcuit on board the Admiral.

THIS poſture of affairs has occaſioned politics, which have been long neglected, as ſtudies uſeleſs

and

and impertinent, to become once more fashionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our constant attention, are only cultivated in *England* by fits. Christianity sleeps among us, unless roused by the apprehensions of a plague, an earthquake, or a *Jew-Bill:* and we are alarmed for a while at the sudden news of an invasion or a rebellion; but, as soon as the danger is over, the *Englishman*, like the soldier recovered from his fright occasioned by Queen *Mab's* drumming in his ear, "swears a prayer or two, "and sleeps again." To preach up public spirit, is at some seasons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blast kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an instant. The reign of politicks seems at present to be re-commencing. Our news papers contain dark hints and shrewd conjectures from the *Hague*, *Paris*, and *Madrid*; and the lye of the day is artfully contrived to influence the rise and fall of the money-barometer in *Change-Alley*. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no further notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from my Cousin VILLAGE on the same important subject.

DEAR

———, *June* 30, 1755.

DEAR COUSIN!

WAR, though it has not laid our fields waſte or made our cities deſolate, engroſſes almoſt all the attention of this place. Every farm houſe ſwarms with politicians, who lay their wiſe heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's ſhop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of *Europe* is adjuſted. The preparations now making by ſea and land are as popular ſubjects as the price of corn or the Broad-Wheel-Act. Succeſs to our noble admirals, and a ſpeedy War, are alſo as common toaſts over a mug of ale as *God ſpeed the plough*, or a good harveſt: though it muſt be owned, that ſome ſelfiſh country ſquires, who have not an equal ſhare of public ſpirit and love of their country with their fellow ruſtics, are ſomewhat apprehenſive of the influence which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I AM at preſent on a viſit to Sir *Politic Hearty*, who is one of thoſe country gentlemen, who ſo much prefer the public welfare to their own private intereſt, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of

of their own eſtates. Sir *Politic* is miſerable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his ſpirits revive at the ſound of the poſt-horn, when the mail brings him the *London Evening Poſt*, and a long letter of news from his nephew at the *Temple*. Theſe Sir *Politic* himſelf reads after dinner to me, the curate of the pariſh, and the town-apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep inſight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many ſhrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two Doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the aſteriſks, daſhes, and italics. Nothing at firſt puzzled the honeſt baronet, and his privy council, ſo much as the new ſeat of war. They very well knew the ſituation of *Bruſſels*, *Ghent*, *Antwerp*, and other ſcenes of action in *Flanders*; but *Virginia*, the *Ohio*, *Oſwego*, &c. (to uſe a common phraſe) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length ſurmounted by the Templar's having tranſmitted to his uncle one of *D'Anville*'s maps; by the help of which the baronet ſometimes delineates the progreſs of the *French* up the *Ohio*, in meanders of port winding along the table, and ſometimes demoliſhes the forts lately raiſed by the enemy in different parts of our colonies.

colonies. At preſent writing I am but juſt withdrawn from the taking of *Crown Point*, repreſented by a cork, and ſtormed by Sir *Politic* at the head of an army of cherry-ſtones.

SIR *Politic* has, indeed, ſtudied *Monſieur D'Anville* thoroughly: He has alſo been very much taken up of late with the peruſal of the Hiſtory of the Six Nations: ſo that he has ſcarce one idea in his head, that does not bear ſome relation to the *Weſt-Indies*. We had ſome boiled beef the other day for dinner, when the good knight obſerved, that he ſhould be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the *War-kettle*; and he had no ſooner lighted his pipe, than the firſt puff of the tobacco threw him into ſome reflections on the danger of *Virginia*. "By the bye, "(ſaid the baronet,) I am a great admirer of "the *Indian* oratory; and I dare ſay old *Hendrick* "the *Sachem* would have made a good figure "in the Houſe of Commons. There is ſome-"thing very elegant in the *Covenant-Belt*; but "pray what a pox are thoſe damned *Strings* "*of Wampum?* I cannot find any account of "them in *Chambers's Dictionary*." He then entered into a diſſertation on the *War-hoop*; and turning to the apothecary, "Doctor, ſaid he, what do you think of *Scalping?*" The

Doctor

Doctor replied, that for his part he imagined it to be ſomewhat in the nature of an *Epiſpaſtic* or Bliſter. "Ay, (ſaid the other reverend "Doctor, ſhaking his head,) it is a very bar-"barous cuſtom indeed: though it is no wonder, "ſince they have only had a few *Jeſuits* among "them; ſo that they have very little notion "of *Chriſtianity*."

WAR never fails of producing groundleſs and contradictory reports: and if Fame is a lying jade in town, ſhe is the idleſt goſſip that ever ſpoke in the country. We have gained ſeveral victories in *Virginia*, and taken ſeveral forts, but loſt them all back again the next poſt. At one time we burnt, ſunk, took, and deſtroyed the whole *French* fleet, though it had not ſtirred out of *Breſt* harbour; and but laſt week we ſhot off poor *Boſcawen*'s legs, and made him fight, like *Witherington*, on his ſtumps; 'till a letter from Sir *Politic*'s nephew confuted this report, and ſet the Admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

T

NUMB. LXXVII. *Thurſday, July* 17, 1755.

Cum pulchris tunicis ſumet nova conſilia et ſpes.
HOR.

Wiſdom with periwigs, with caſſocks grace,
Courage with ſwords, gentility with lace.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

I READ your late paper, ſhewing the cloſe analogy, which cloathing the body bears to adorning the mind; and am thoroughly perſuaded, that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embelliſh their minds as to ſet off their perſons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the ſame eaſe that they can furniſh themſelves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffel can, at a moment's warning, be furniſhed with a compleat ſuit of lace or embroidery from *Monmouth-Street*, his long lank greaſy hair may be exchanged in *Middle-Row* for a ſmart bag or a jemmy ſcratch; and his clouted ſhoes with the rough hobnails in the heel and ſole clumping at every

every ſtep, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the *Yorkſhire* Warehouſe, or the *Old Criſpin* in *Cranbourn-Alley*. The draggled ſtreet-walker can rig herſelf with a clean ſmock, a linnen gown, and an hat ſmartly cocked up behind and before, in *Broad St. Giles*'s; or if ſhe can afford it, every pawn-broker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tiſſue or brocaded ſack, and all the *paraphernalia* of a counteſs. But where, Mr. TOWN, can theſe people go to cloath their minds, or at what ſhops are retailed ſenſe and virtue? Honour and honeſty are not to be purchaſed in *Monmouth-ſtreet*; knowledge is not infuſed into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no buſh, ſenſe is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for ſhew with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can adminiſter, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot for any price buy chaſtity in *Broad St. Giles*'s, or hire honeſty from the pawn-broker's.

SEEING, therefore, at one view the difficulty in obtaining the accompliſhments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dreſs, I have been labouring this week paſt to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length deviſed a ſcheme,

ſcheme, which will fully anſwer that purpoſe. In a word then, I ſhall next winter open a ſhop or warehouſe in the moſt public part of the town, under the name of a MIND-AND-BODY-CLOTHIER: two trades which, though never yet united, are ſo far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inſeparable. I ſhall not only ſupply my friends with a ſuit or a ſingle virtue, but furniſh them with complete habits of mind and body from head to foot: and by a certain ſecret art in the form and texture of the things ſold, the required virtues ſhall be as inherent in them, as the materials of which they are compoſed. That ſuch virtues may be transfuſed by cloaths is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. TOWN, I remember to have met with an account of *Fortunatus*'s Wiſhing-Cap, by which he could tranſport himſelf in an inſtant from one place to another: It is alſo well known, that the famous *Jack* the Giant-killer poſſeſſed a Sword of Sharpneſs, Shoes of Swiftneſs, and a Coat of Inviſibility. Why then may not I ſell a ſurtout of patriotiſm, or a ſword of honour, and retail modeſty and chaſtity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons?

No one, who duly conſiders the natural influence, which cloaths commonly have upon their wearers,

wearers, will object to my ſcheme as utterly impracticable. That a perſon can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or his periwig, is plain in very numerous inſtances. The young counſellor, who every morning in term-time takes the meaſure of *Weſtminſter-Hall* with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once diveſts himſelf of his gravity with the ſtarched band and long robe, and reſumes the ſpirit of a Buck together with the ſword and bag-wig. In the ſame manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himſelf up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as eaſily caſt off again as his ſurplice; and for the reſt of the week he wears the dreſs as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the diſpoſition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of a carpenter by his leathern apron, or a ſoldier by his red coat. When we ſee a ſnuff-coloured ſuit of *ditto* with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous buſhy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a diſpenſer of life and death, as if we had ſeen him pounding a mortar or brandiſhing a clyſter-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been diſtinguiſhed by different colours; as ſcarlet has been made to repreſent valour, yellow to denote jealouſy, and true blue to ſignify

nify integrity. Thus we may likewiſe diſcover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feaſt I ſee the gueſts tucking their napkins into their ſhirt-collars, as if they were all of them going to be ſhaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dreſs than in the Alley; and when the antiquated toaſt is laying on her complexion at the toilet, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is ſhe doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can diſcover impudence ſtaring from the bold cock of a *Kevenhuller*, parſimony ſkulking in a darned ſtocking, coquetry ſpread out in an hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a ſhoulder-knot. I often pleaſe myſelf with thus remarking the various dreſſes of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmoſt linings of the heart, and diſcover "the very ſtuff of the thoughts.

IT muſt, however, be owned, that in theſe matters the niceſt penetration may be impoſed on; ſince, in the preſent random method of dreſſing, many perſons appear in maſquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me will at once cloath his mind and his body, the

the whole town will be dreſſed in character. Thus if a chimney-ſweeper or a plough-boy put on a ſuit of embroidery, a ſword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the ſame time inveſt themſelves with the internal dignity of a perſon of quality: my lady's youngeſt ſon may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchaſed at the ſame time with a gown and caſſock by the young ſmarts from the univerſities. My ſcheme alſo further recommends itſelf, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge, that the world will chuſe to follow; for, as my cloaths will always be cut according to the neweſt and moſt elegant manner, theſe qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, muſt neceſſarily come into faſhion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their *valet de chambre*; and a young lady of faſhion will acquire new accompliſhments with every new ribband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readineſs to promote my ſcheme: but what I moſt earneſtly intreat of you, Mr. TOWN, is to uſe your utmoſt intereſt with the polite world, but eſpecially with the ladies, not to diſcard cloaths entirely; as by ſuch a reſolution my ſcheme muſt be defeated; and, indeed, it will not be in the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As

As knowledge and virtue can never be ſufficiently diffuſed, my warehouſe will be calculated for general uſe, and ſtored with large aſſortments of all kinds of virtues and dreſſes, that I may ſuit perſons of whatever denomination. Phyſicians may be furniſhed from my ſhop with gravity and learning in the tyes of a periwig; ſerjeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counſellors may be endued with a ſufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a ſmart tye between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupée. I ſhall ſell religion to country parſons in pudding-ſleeves, and to young town curates juſt come from the univerſity, in doctors ſcarfs and full grizzles: I ſhall have ſome pious ejaculations, whinings and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers, and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundery in *Moorfields*. For our military gentlemen deſigned to go abroad, I ſhall have ſeveral parcels of true *Britiſh* courage, woven in a variety of cockades and ſword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who ſtay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of *French Bagatelle*, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I ſuppoſe, will all of them, to a woman, be deſirous of purchaſing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I ſhall not be able to anſwer their demands; but I ſhall have ſeveral druſſes, which will make up for the want of it. I ſhall have neatneſs done up in a great variety of plain linnen; decency and diſcretion in ſeveral pattterns for mobs, hoods, and night-gowns; together with modeſty diſpoſed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, ſtays that almoſt meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I ſhall alſo have a ſmall portion of chaſtity knit into garters, and twiſted into laces for the ſtays, very proper to be worn at maſquerades and aſſemblies.

I HAD almoſt forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of ſenſe and cloaths, ſhall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reaſonable rates. As for yourſelf, Mr. TOWN, I ſhall beg leave to preſent you with an entire ſuit of ſuperfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be aſhamed to be ſeen.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

W EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

NUMB. LXXVIII. *Thurſday, July* 24, 1755.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores. HOR.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry ſtage!
Our youth a wild fire, and a froſt our age!

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

NOTHING is more neceſſary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverſeneſs in our opinions, than mixing with perſons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whoſoever confines himſelf entirely to the ſociety of thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits, and whoſe thoughts naturally take the ſame turn with his own, acquires a certain ſtiffneſs and pedantry of behaviour, which is ſure to make him diſagreeable, except in one particular ſet of company. Inſtead of cramping the mind by keeping it within ſo narrow a circle, we ſhould endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accompliſhment; and temper each qualification with it's oppoſite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

THE neceſſity of this free converſation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the conſequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engroſſes his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which ſhews itſelf in all the operations of it, unleſs prevented by natural good ſenſe or a liberal education. The phyſician, the lawyer, and the tradeſman will appear in company, though none of thoſe occupations are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and the clergyman will grow moroſe and ſevere, who ſeldom or never converſes with the laity. If no particular profeſſion claims this influence over us, ſome darling paſſion or amuſement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at leaſt ridiculous. Fine ladies for inſtance, by deſpiſing the converſation of ſenſible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, aſſemblies, birthday ſuits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the ſame reaſon, of almoſt nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a ſcoundrel; and the ſectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all thoſe, who will not go to heaven in the ſame road with himſelf, under the guidance

guidance of *Whitefield*, *Wesley*, or Count *Zinzendorff*. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain,

that a perſon will be engaged in any profeſſion, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleaſure; but the mind of every man is ſubject to the inclinations ariſing from the ſeveral ſtages of his exiſtence, as well as his body to chronical diſtempers. This indeed, Mr. TOWN, is the principal cauſe of my writting to you: for it has often given me great concern to ſee the preſent diviſion between the young and the old; to obſerve elderly men forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, that they may be more ſecurely ſeparated from youth; and to ſee young men running into diſſipation and debauchery, rather than aſſociate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from ſuch a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be inſtructed by the experience of age, and looſe much of that levity, which they retain too long; while at the ſame time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be ſmoothed by the ſprightly chearfulneſs of youth; by which they might ſupply the want of ſpirits, forget the loſs of old friends, and bear with eaſe all their wordly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that thoſe young men are the moſt worthy and ſenſible, who have kept up any intercourſe with the old; and that thoſe old men are of the moſt chearful and amiable diſpoſition, who have not been aſhamed to converſe with the young.

I WILL

I WILL not pretend to decide which party is moſt blameable in neglecting this neceſſary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once ſo beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly ariſes from a certain ſelfiſhneſs and obſtinacy in both, which will not ſuffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their diſpoſitions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we ſee the leaſt degree of ſociety preſerved between a father and a ſon! a ſhocking reflection, when we conſider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one ſide, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and ſon as ſeldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an huſband and wife; and chiefly for the ſame reaſon: for though they are both joined under the ſame yoke, yet they are each tugging different way. A father might as well expect his ſon to be as gouty and infirm as himſelf, as to have the diſpoſition which he has contracted from age; and a ſon might as reaſonably deſire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diverſions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is abſolutely requiſite to keep toge-

ther the cement of natural affection, which an untractable ſtubborneſs, ſo frequently diſſolves; or at leaſt, if it does not diſturb the affection, it conſtantly deſtroys the ſociety between father and ſon.

THIS unhappy and unnatural diviſion is often the ſubject of complaint in perſons of both ages; but is ſtill unremedied, becauſe neither reflect on the cauſe whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, becauſe they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, ſince they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect ſuch a ſlaviſh deference to their years, as deſtroys that equality by which chearfulneſs and ſociety ſubſiſts. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuſe to be corrected by their grave ſeniors like ſchool-boys, they would be proud to conſult them as friends: which the injudicious ſeverity of old age ſeldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with ſo great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, ſhun the company of age, complaining of the ſmall regard and reſpect paid to them, though they often act with ſo little reſerve and

ſuch

ſuch unbecoming confidence, as not to deſerve it. Suppoſe the old were pleaſed with the natural flow of ſpirits and lively converſation of youth, ſtill ſome reſpect may be challenged as due to them; nor ſhould the decency and ſobriety of their characters ever be inſulted by any improper or immodeſt converſation.

I AM an old man; myſelf, Mr. TOWN, and I have an only boy, whoſe behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite ſubject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would ſtrive to ſoften the rigour of age, and remember that his ſon muſt naturally poſſeſs thoſe qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the ſon would in return endeavour to ſuit himſelf to thoſe infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally ſtudy to be agreeable to each other, the father would inſenſibly ſubſtitute affection in the room of authority, and loſe the churliſh ſeverity and peeviſhneſs incident to his years: while the ſon would curb the unbecoming impetuoſity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a conſtant attention to pleaſe, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father's

Wherever ſuch a turn of mind is encouraged, there muſt be happineſs and agreeable ſociety: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compoſe the ſureſt cement of affection; as colours of the moſt oppoſite tints, by a ſkilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain ſhades, will form a picture, the moſt heightened and exquiſite in it's colouring.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN BEVIL.

NUMB. LXXIX. *Thurſday, July* 31, 1755.

——— ——— O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus, dum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret. — HOR.

Silent I ſaid, O happieſt head of Cit,
With brain uncumber'd, and the load of wit!
From ſtreet to ſtreet ſtill rambling up and down,
While all his talk was ſtill of London *Town.*

Mr. *VILLAGE* to Mr. *TOWN.*

DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE been very much diverted with your obſervations on the honeſt tradeſmen, who make weekly excurſions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of

of your citizens ſeldom dare truſt themſelves out of the ſight of *London* ſmoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the *Wandſworth* double poſt-chaiſe, or the *Hampton* long coach. But we may now and then pick up a ſtray citizen, whom buſineſs had dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myſelf the other day, about forty miles from *London:* and as I was mightily pleaſed with his behaviour and converſation, I have taken the liberty to ſend you an account of it.

BEING caught in a ſhower upon the road, I was glad to take ſhelter at the firſt inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the NEW INN, I ſhould have thought, from it's antique appearance, had been an houſe of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had ſcarce alighted, when a ſtrange figure, (driven thither as I ſuppoſed, on the ſame account with myſelf,) came ſoberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the ſteps before he would venture to get off his horſe, I had the opportunity of ſurveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten ſurtout, which I believe had once been ſcarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up cloſe round his face; and his hat

was flapped down on each ſide, and faſtened about his ears with a liſt garter, tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs ſomething that reſembled ſpatterdaſhers, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right ſhoe was conſiderably larger than the other, and had ſeveral ſlits in the upper leather. He had ſpurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head ſtudded with braſs pins, hung from his wriſt by a ſtring of greaſy black leather.

I SOON found I was Nobody; for the GENTLEMAN, it ſeems, took up the whole attention of the maid, miſtreſs, and hoſtler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the aſſiſtance of the ſteps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was poſſible for her to ſee any part of him but his noſe, told him "he looked "brave and jolly;" and when ſhe had led him into the kitchen, ſhe fetched a large glaſs of what ſhe called "her own water," which (ſhe ſaid) would drive the cold out of his ſtomach. All hands were now buſied in drawing off his ſurtout, which diſcovered underneath a full trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waiſtcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarniſhed. The ſurtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the

the place of which was ſupplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having ſuffered by loſs of leather, the maid was diſpatched to the doctor's for ſome *diachylon*. The uſual queſtion now ſucceeded, concerning dinner; and as he obſerved I was all alone, he very courteouſly aſked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

THE important buſineſs of dinner being ſettled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-gueſt told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in *London*; that for theſe twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that he had always put up at this houſe. He then run on in the praiſes of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, "Ay, ſays he, ſhe has been a clever woman in "her time, before ſhe bore children," He added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and ſix. He further informed me, that he was married to his preſent wife in the firſt mayoralty of Alderman *Parſons*, and in the very waiſtcoat he had on: "But, ſays he, I now wear "it only on a journey; becauſe, you know, a "bit of lace commands reſpect upon the road."

On

On enquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound prentice to himſelf; the other was ſent to ſea, becauſe he was a wild one; and the youngeſt he deſigned to make a parſon, becauſe he was grave, and his play-fellows at *Poule*'s ſchool uſed to call him Biſhop.

ALL this while he had ſat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linnen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, becauſe it was cooler than a wig. But the ſaddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himſelf, borrowing ſome flour from the kitchen drudger. His ſpatterdaſhers were next taken off, and his ſhoes wiped with a wiſp of hay; when being aſſured by the landlady herſelf, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himſelf, in order to wait on ſeveral tradeſmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the ſtables to ſee his mare: and though the beaſt ſeemed as lean and harmleſs as *Sancho*'s aſs, he aſſured me he had much ado to ride her, ſhe was ſo friſky, "for ſhe had not "run in the chaiſe theſe two Sundays paſt."

BEING

BEING ſummoned to dinner, we ſat down to a repaſt of mutton chops and ſheeps hearts, which laſt he declared to be the wholſomeſt eating in the world. He objected to wine, becauſe there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vaſtly recommended by landlady's home-brew'd, which he affirmed to be better than *Hogſden* ale, or the thatch beer at *Iſlington*. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the *French* terribly both by land and ſea. At laſt, among other talk, he happened to aſk me, if I lived in the City? As I was deſirous of hearing his remarks, I anſwered, that I had never ſeen *London*. "Never ſeen it? (ſays he) "Then you have never ſeen one of the fineſt ſights "in the whole world. *Paris* is but a dog-hole "to it." There luckily hung a large Map of *London* over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. "There, ſays he, there's *London* for you.—You "ſee it is bigger than the Map of all *England*." He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal ſtreets from *Hyde-Park* to *White-Chapel*.—"That, ſays he, is the "River *Thames*—There's *London* Bridge—There "my Lord Mayor lives—That's *Poule's*——

"There

"There the *Monument* ſtands: And now, if you "was but on the top of it, you might ſee all the "houſes and churches in *London*." I expreſſed my aſtoniſhment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me *Lincoln's Inn Fields*—"There, ſaid he, there all "the noblemen live." At laſt, after having tranſported me all over the town, he ſet me down in *Cheapſide*, "which (he ſaid) was the biggeſt ſtreet "in the City."—"And now, ſays he, I'll ſhew "you where I live.——"That's *Bow Church*— "and thereabouts—where my pipe is—there— "juſt there my ſhop ſtands." He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and ſee him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, aſſured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I PROMISED to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after ſettling the ballance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but juſt as I had mounted my horſe, and was going to ſet forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and ſhaking me by the hand.—"Hearke, ſays he, if you will be "in town by the twenty-fifth of this inſtant *July*, "I will introduce you to the *Cockney's Feaſt*; "where,

" where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry, " and hear a great many good songs."

T I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

NUMB. LXXX. *Thursday, August* 7, 1755.

Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum. — — — — — — — JUV.

What though the spouse be ruin'd, where's the sin,
By madam's friends, so dear, so near akin?

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

IF poligamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expence, than I have brought upon myself by marrying one woman. One did I say? Alas! I find it to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. TOWN, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood: but I never thought that all her relations would likewise fasten on me with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother; then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden

maiden ſiſters; after that I married her aunts; then her couſins—In ſhort, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I ſay that I am married to them all: for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the perſon whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and ſleep with me: every room in the houſe is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me:—and ſince I have the whole family quartered upon me, what ſignifies which of them takes upon her my name,—my wife, her ſiſter, or her twentieth couſin?

O Mr. TOWN! I never ſit down to table without the lamentable proſpect of ſeeing as much victuals conſumed, as would dine a whole veſtry. So many mouths conſtantly going at my expence!—And then there is ſuch a variety of proviſions! for couſin *Biddy* likes one diſh; my aunt *Rachel* is fond of another; ſiſter *Molly* cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that:—though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the beſt of every thing in ſeaſon. Beſides, I could entertain a ſet of jolly topers at a leſs rate, than it coſts me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but *Liſbon*; with another nothing goes down but *Rheniſh* and *Spa*;

Spa; a third ſwallows me an ocean of *Briſtol Milk*, with as little remorſe as ſhe would ſo much ſmall beer: my eldeſt aunt likes a glaſs of dry *Mountain*; while the other thinks nothing helps digeſtion ſo well as *Madeira*. It was but laſt week, that my wife expreſſed a deſire of taſting ſome *Claret*, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it: but with much ado I at laſt prevailed on them to compound with me for a cheſt of *Florence*.

You may imagine, that my houſe cannot be a very ſmall one: and I aſſure you there are as many beds in it, as in a country inn. Yet I have ſcarce room to turn myſelf about in it: for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the moſt diſtant couſin muſt have more reſpect ſhewn her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-ſervants: ſo that poor I have no more liberty in my own houſe than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to ſhake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, ſcarce big enough to hold my own family. But alas! they ſtuck as cloſe to it, as a ſnail to her ſhell: and rather than not lie under the ſame roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like ſo many

pigs

pigs in a ſtye. At another time, thinking to clear my houſe at once of theſe vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and ſent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? there was no getting rid of thoſe left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the houſhold, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her abſence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preſerve ſweetmeats, another to make *Morella* brandy; all which they executed with the notableneſs peculiar to good houſewives, who ſpoil and waſte more than they ſave, for the ſatisfaction of making theſe things at home. At laſt my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new couſins freſh out of the country, who ſhe never knew before were the leaſt related to her:—but they have been ſo kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever ſince.

One would imagine, that it were ſufficient for theſe loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my houſe in every reſpect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me, in a manner, to find them in cloaths likewiſe. I ſhould not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to

put

put up with a caſt-off ſuit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her juſt dues, and would look more like a dependant than a relation. Not but that they will condeſcend now and then to take a gown, before it is half worn out, (when they have talked my wife into a diſlike of it)—becauſe it is too good for a common ſervant. They have more ſpirit than to *beg* any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to *part* with it—they will wear it, purely for her ſake. A cap, an apron, or an handkerchief, which, I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, ſoon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a ſilk brocade my wife had juſt bought, one of her ſiſters took it from her, and told me ſhe would have it made up for herſelf, and wear it on purpoſe to ſpite me.

You muſt know, Mr. TOWN, that upon my marriage I was indiſcreet enough to ſet up my chariot: and ſince my family has encreaſed ſo prodigiouſly, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewiſe, and another pair of horſes. This alſo furniſhes them with a pretence for running about to public diverſions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are ſo very fond of each others

others company, that one will hardly ever ſtir out without the other. Thus, at home or abroad, they conſtantly herd together: and what is ſtill more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my houſe, my wife makes a merit of it, that ſhe keeps little or no company.

SUCH is the ſtate of my family within doors: and though you would think this ſufficient for one man, I can aſſure you I have other calls upon me from relations no leſs dear to me, though I have never yet had the happineſs to ſee them. A third coufin by my wife's father's ſide was ſet up in the country in a very good way of buſineſs; but by misfortunes in trade muſt have gone to jail, if my wife had not teized me into being bound for him, and for which I was ſoon after arreſted, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promiſing youth, was juſt out of his time, and only wanted a little ſum to ſet him up; which as ſoon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to ſea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a ſober diſcreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country: but the poor innocent girl being drawn aſide by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to ſupport the unhappy mother and child ever

ever ſince, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I ſhall ſay nothing of the various preſents, which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at *Chriſtmas*; nor ſhall I put to account the charge I have been at in the goſſip fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and couſins, to which I had the honour of ſtanding godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this laſt circumſtance makes me reflect with an heavy heart on a new calamity, which will ſhortly befal me. My wife, you muſt know, is very near her time: and they have provided ſuch a ſtore of clouts, caps, forehead-cloths, biggens, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of childbed-linnen, as would ſet up a Lying-in Hoſpital. You will conclude, that my family wants no further increaſe: yet, would you believe it? I have juſt received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another couſin, are coming up in the ſtage coach to ſee their relation, and are reſolved to ſtay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my houſe, they will reſolve to ſtay with her, 'till ſhe has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

NUMB. LXXXI. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 14, 1756.

—Genus humanum multò fuit illud in arvis
Durius. — — — — LUCRET.

An hardy race of mortals, train'd to ſports,
The field their joy, unpoliſh'd yet by courts.

Mr. VILLAGE to Mr. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

A MERE country ſquire, who paſſes all his time among dogs and horſes, is now become an uncommon character; and the moſt aukward loobily inheritor of an old manſion-houſe is a fine gentleman in compariſon to his forefathers. The principles of a town education formerly ſcarce ſpread themſelves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every *London* refinement travels to the remoteſt corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town daily import to their diſtant ſeats the cuſtoms and manners of *Pall-mall* and *Groſvenor-ſquare*.

I HAVE been for this fortnight paſt at Lord *Courtly*'s, who for about four months in every year

year leads a town life at the diſtance of above two hundred miles from *London*. He never leaves his bed 'till twelve or one o'clock; though, indeed, he often ſees the ſun riſe; but then that only happens, when, as the old ſong ſays, he has "drank down the moon." Drinking is the only rural amuſement he perſues; but even that part of his diverſions is conducted entirely in the *London* faſhion. He does not ſwill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every diſh at his table is ſerved up with as much elegance as at *White*'s or *Ryan*'s. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet ſtrangers never want a chace, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord *Courtly*'s, who never ſaw *London*; and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordſhip's table, might naturally be conſidered as his whipper-in or his game-keeper.

THE evening-walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord *Courtly*'s: for, though ſituated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling ſtreams and ſhady groves, than if they had never exiſted but in poetry or romance. As ſoon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the

company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax-candles, and ſet out with as many card-tables, as the rout of a foreign ambaſſador's lady. Here Faro, Whiſt, Brag, Lanſquenet, and every other faſhionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeneſs has often fallen heavy on ſome honeſt country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordſhip turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occaſion to curſe the cards, and her ill-ſtarred connections with perſons of quality: though his lordſhip is never at a loſs for a party; for as ſeveral people of faſhion have ſeats near him, he often ſits down with ſome of his friends of the club at *White's*. I had almoſt forgot to mention, that her ladyſhip *keeps a day*, which is Sunday.

THIS, dear Couſin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help obſerving, that perſons polite enough to be fond of ſuch exquiſite refinements, are partly in the ſame caſe with the machanic at his duſty *Villa*. They both, indeed, change their ſituation; but neither find the leaſt alteration in their ideas. The tradeſman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his compting-houſe; and the nobleman, though in the fartheſt part of *England*, may ſtill be ſaid to breathe the air of St. *James's*.

I WAS

I WAS chiefly induced to ſend you this ſhort account of the refined manner, in which perſons of faſhion paſs their time at Lord *Courtly*'s, becauſe I think it a very ſtriking contraſt to the character deſcribed in the following tranſcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural pourtraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here deſcribed is now at the ſeat of the Lord *Shafteſbury*, at St. *Giles*'s near *Cranborn* in *Dorſetſhire*, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by *Anthony Aſhley Cowper*, firſt Earl of *Shafteſbury*, and is inſcribed on the picture. I doubt not, but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their uſual candour.

The CHARACTER of The Honourable W. HASTINGS,

Of WOODLANDS in *Hampſhire*;

Second Son of

FRANCIS Earl of HUNTINGDON.

IN the year 1638 lived Mr. *Haſtings*; by his Quality Son, Brother, and Uncle to the Earls of *Huntingdon*. He was peradventure an Original in our Age; or rather the Copy of our ancient Nobility, in Hunting, not in warlike Times.

He was low, very ſtrong and very active; of a reddiſh flaxen Hair. His Cloaths always green Cloth, and never all worth (when new) five Pounds.

His Houſe was perfectly of the old Faſhion, in the midſt of a large Park well ſtocked with Deer; and near the Houſe Rabbits to ſerve the Kitchen; many Fiſh-ponds; great ſtore of Wood and Timber; a Bowling Green in it, long but narrow, full of high Ridges, it being never levelled ſince it was ploughed. They uſed round Sand Bowls; and it had a Banquetting Houſe, like a Stand, built in a Tree:

He kept all Manner of Sport Hounds, that ran Buck, Fox, Hare, Otter, and Badger. And Hawks, long and ſhort winged. He had all Sorts of Nets for Fiſh. He had a Walk in the *New Foreſt*, and the Manor of *Chriſt Church*. This laſt ſupply'd him with Red Deer, Sea and River Fiſh. And indeed all his Neighbours Grounds and Royalties were free to him, who beſtowed all his Time on theſe Sports, but what he borrowed to careſs his Neighbours Wives and Daughters; there being not a Woman in all his Walks, of the Degree of a Yeoman's Wife or under, and under the Age of forty, but it was extremely her Fault, if he was not intimately acquainted

quainted with her. This made him very popular; always ſpeaking kindly to the Huſband, Brother or Father: who was to boot, very welcome to his Houſe, whenever he came. There he found Beef, Pudding, and Small Beer in great plenty. A Houſe not ſo neatly kept as to ſhame Him or his dirty Shoes: the great Hall ſtrowed with Marrow-bones, full of Hawks-Perches, Hounds, Spaniels and Terriers: the upper Side of the Hall hung with Fox-ſkins of this and the laſt Year's killing; here and there a Pole-Cat intermixt; Game-keepers and Hunters Poles in great Abundance.

The Parlour was a large Room as properly furniſhed. On a great Hearth paved with Brick lay ſome Terriers, and the choiceſt Hounds and Spaniels. Seldom but two of the great Chairs had Litters of young Cats in them; which were not to be diſturbed; he having always three or four attending him at Dinner; and a little white round Stick of fourteen Inches lying by his Trencher, that he might defend ſuch Meat as he had no Mind to part with to them. The Windows (which were very large) ſerved for Places to lay his Arrows, Croſs-Bows, Stone-Bows, and other ſuch like Accoutrements. The Corners of the Room full of the beſt-choſe Hunting and Hawking Poles. An Oyſter Table at the lower End, which was of

conſtant Uſe twice a Day all the Year round. For he never failed to eat Oyſters, before Dinner and Supper, through all Seaſons; the neighb'ring Town of *Pool* ſupply'd him with them.

The upper Part of the Room had two ſmall Tables and a Deſk, on the one ſide of which was a Church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the Tables were Hawks-Hoods, Bells, and ſuch like; two or three old green Hats, with their Crown thruſt in ſo as to hold ten or a dozen Eggs, which were of a Pheaſant kind of Poultry he took much care of and fed himſelf. Tables, Dice, Cards, and Boxes were not wanting. In the Hole of the Deſk were Store of Tobacco Pipes that had been uſed.

On one Side of this End of the Room was the Door of a Cloſet wherein ſtood the Strong Beer and the Wine, which never came thence but in ſingle Glaſſes; that being the Rule of the Houſe exactly obſerved. For he never exceeded in Drink or permitted it.

On the other Side was the Door into an old Chapel, not uſed for Devotion. The Pulpit, as the ſafeſt Place, was never wanting of a cold Chine of Beef, Veniſon Paſty, Gammon of Bacon, or great Apple-pye with thick Cruſt, extremely baked. His

His Table coſt him not much; though it was good to eat at. His Sports ſupplied all but Beef and Mutton, except Fridays, when he had the beſt Saltfiſh (as well as other Fiſh) he could get; and was the Day his Neighbours of beſt Quality moſt viſited him. He never wanted a *London* pudding, and always ſung it in with *My Part lies therein-a.* He drank a Glaſs or two of Wine at Meals; very often Syrup of Gilli-flower in his Sack; and had always a Tun Glaſs, without Feet, ſtood by him, holding a Pint of Small Beer, which he often ſtirred with Roſemary.

He was well natured but ſoon angry, calling his Servants, Baſtards and cuckoldy Knaves, in one of which he often ſpoke Truth to his own Knowledge; and ſometimes in both, though of the ſame Man. He lived to be an Hundred; never loſt his Eye-ſight, but always wrote and read without Spectacles; and got on Horſeback without help. Until paſt Fourſcore he rode to the Death of a Stag as well as any.

I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

NUMB. LXXXII. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 21, 1755.

Noſſe omnia hæc, ſalus eſt adoleſcentulis.
TER.

All theſe to know, is ſafety to the youth.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the inſtruction of a young gentleman going to the Univerſity; yet as it contains ſeveral juſt and ſenſible reflections, which may be of uſe to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the requeſt of my correſpondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the Univerſity, I would not be thought to pay ſo ill a compliment to your own natural good ſenſe, as to ſuppoſe, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in ſome meaſure apply yourſelf to ſtudy: otherwiſe the time you ſpend there will be entirely loſt; for (as SWIFT very juſtly remarks) "all ornamental parts of "education are better taught in other places."

At

At the ſame time I do not mean, that you ſhould commence Pedant, and be continually poring on a book; ſince that will rather puzzle, than inform the underſtanding. And though I know many ſprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to deſpiſe it altogether, it will be neceſſary to learn ſomething of Logic; I mean in the ſame manner one would learn Fencing—— not to attack others, but to defend one's ſelf. In a word, you will find it a great unhappineſs, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you ſome taſte for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no ſociety in books, will have little elſe to do, beſides following his ſports, but to ſit, as ſquire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whoſe underſtandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horſes.

It has been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of perſons according to the company they are known to keep. In the Univerſity, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmoſt conſequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or ſink gradually into indolence and ſtupidity, I ſhall point out

ſome of theſe peſts of ſociety in as few words as poſſible.

THE firſt perſon I would caution you againſt is the wretch that takes delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that ſpeech, which was given him by GOD to celebrate his praiſe, in queſtioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itſelf, is likewiſe the height of ill-manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of ſound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as poſſible; and if they will force themſelves into our company, they ſhould be uſed with the ſame contempt, with which they have the hardineſs to treat their Maker. And this, I can aſſure your, may be done ſafely: for I never knew any body, who pretended to be above the fear of GOD, but was under the moſt terrible apprehenſions, whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would adviſe you to ſhun, is the GAMESTER, in ſome reſpects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his ſhrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever ſpeak or think of any other, unleſs by way of blaſphemy, oaths and curſes, when he has had a bad

a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the leaſt notion of friendſhip; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himſelf. He, indeed, profeſſes himſelf your friend; but that is only with a deſign to draw you in: for his trade is inconſiſtent with the principles of honour or juſtice, without which there can be no real friendſhip. It ſhould, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with ſuch people, whoſe acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his eſtate.

THE next perſon, whom you ought to beware of, is a DRUNKARD; one that takes an unaccountable pleaſure in ſapping his conſtitution, and drowning his underſtanding. He conſtantly goes ſenſeleſs to bed, and riſes maukiſh in the morning; nor can he be eaſy in body or mind, 'till he has renewed his doſe, and again put himſelf beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that ſociety ſhould be eſteemed dull and inſipid without the aſſiſtance of the bottle to enliven it: ſo that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glaſs, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought

always to "keep a watch over the doors of "our lips."

A LOWNGER is a creature, that you will often ſee lolling in a coffee-houſe, or ſauntering about the ſtreets, with great calmneſs, and a moſt inflexible ſtupidity in his countenance He takes as much pains as the Sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the higheſt pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffenſive, as he is dull, if it were not that his idleneſs is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is ſure to benumb and take away all ſenſe of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

IT were alſo beſt to forbear the company of a WRANGLER, or a perſon of a litigious temper. This ſometimes ariſes, not from any great ſhare of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of ſhewing one's parts, or ſkill in argumentation. It is frequently obſerved of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a diſpute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practiſed by any man of ſenſe, that has ſeen much of the world. I have ſometimes known a perſon of great faucineſs, and

volubility

volubility of expreſſion, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his ſyllogiſm broken at the ſame time.

I NEED not point out to you the profligate RAKE or the affected COXCOMB, as perſons from whoſe company you can reap no ſort of benefit. From the firſt the good principles, already inſtilled into you, will doubtleſs preſerve you; and I am ſure you have too much real ſenſe, not to deſpiſe the abſurd fopperies of the latter. Noted LYARS are no leſs to be avoided, as the common peſts of ſociety. They are often of a miſchievous diſpoſition, and by their calumnies and falſe ſuggeſtions take a pleaſure in ſetting the moſt intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmleſs and improbable lies, their acquaintance muſt frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we ſhould venture to repeat after them, I am ſure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourſelves.

BUT above all I muſt adviſe you never to engage, at leaſt not with any degree of violence, in any PARTY. Be not tranſported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots, beyond the ſober dictates of reaſon and juſtice; nor let the inſinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity

integrity and peace of mind for the paltry ſatisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwiſe, you will certainly be deſpiſed by all. Perhaps indeed, if you ſhould hereafter engage in elections, and ſpend your own money to ſupport another's cauſe, the perſon, in whoſe intereſt you are, may ſhake you by the hand, and ſwear you are a very honeſt gentleman: — juſt as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who ſpit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be toſſed and torn by the horns of their antagoniſt.

After having garded you againſt the evil influence of your own ſex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I ſhall paſs over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to percipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with every accompliſhment requiſite "to make the marriage ſtate happy." In theſe haſty and unequal matches it ſometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent viſiting friend,

friend, when ſhe reminds us of our paſt miſcarriages, and preſcribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet ſhe is a moſt troubleſome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,
your ſincere friend, &c.

H. A.

NUMB. LXXXIII. *Thurſday, Aug.* 28, 1755.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulſari. ——— ——— ——— JUV.

Rough repetition roars in rudeſt rhyme,
As clappers clinkle in one charming chime.

SINCE genius is the chief requiſite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very eſſence of it, than the adopting as beauties, certain arts, which are merely mechanical. There are daily ariſing many whimſical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the preſent mode of writing. With theſe it is as eaſy to fill our compoſitions, as to dreſs ourſelves in the faſhion: but the writer, who puts his work together in this manner, is no more a poet than his taylor.

Such

Such productions often betray great labour and exactneſs, but ſhew no genius: for thoſe, who ſit down to write by rule, and follow "dry re-"ceipts how poems ſhould be made," may compoſe their pieces without the leaſt aſſiſtance from the imagination; as an apothecary's prentice, though unable to cure any diſeaſe, can make up medicines from the phyſician's preſcription, with no more knowledge of phyſic than the names of the drugs. Thus the Muſe, that ought to fly, and "aſcend the brighteſt heaven of invention," walks in leading-ſtrings, or is ſupported by a go-cart.

AMONG the many poetical tricks of this ſort, none have been more ſucceſsfully practiſed, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantaſtical conceit, called ALLITERATION: which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line with the ſame letter. This method of running diviſions upon the alphabet, and preſſing particular letters into the ſervice, has been accounted one of the firſt excellencies in verſification, and has, indeed, received the ſanction of ſome of our beſt poets: but wherein the beauty of it conſiſts, is ſomething difficult to diſcover; ſince *Quarles* or *Withers* might practiſe it with as much adroitneſs as *Dryden* or *Spenſer*. It is one of thoſe modern

arts

arts in poetry, which require no fancy, judgment, or learning, in the execution: for an author may huddle the ſame letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer ſelects his types, and ranges them in whatſoever order he pleaſes.

THIS partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contraſt to the famous Odyſſey of *Tryphiodorus*, where every letter in the alphabet was in it's turn excluded; and the Alliterator muſt be as buſily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or conſonant, as the *Greek* poet to ſhut out the letter he had proſcribed. Nothing is eſteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than an happy choice of epithets; but Alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expreſſion to a very narrow compaſs. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactneſs; but the cloſeſt relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are joined, is that the initials are the ſame. Thus the *fields* muſt be *flowry*, *beauty* muſt be *beaming*, *ladies* muſt be *lovely*; and in the ſame manner muſt the "waves wind "their watry way," the "bluſtring blaſts blow," and "locks all looſely lay," not for the ſake of the poetry, but the elegance of the Alliteration. This beauty has alſo taken poſſeſſion of many of our tragedies; and I have ſeen ladies wooed and

heroes

heroes killed in it, though I muſt own, I never hear an actor *dying with deadly darts and fiery flames*, &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin-woman in *Gay's Trivia*, whoſe head, when it was ſevered from her body, rolled along the ice crying *pip, pip, pip*, and expired in Alliteration.

THE ſame falſe taſte in writing, "that wings "display'd and altars rais'd," alſo introduced Alliteration; and Acroſtics in particular are the ſame kind of ſpelling-book poetry. It is, therefore, ſomewhat extraordinary, that thoſe ſublime writers, who have diſgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the *Goths* in poetry; ſince it is a whimſical beauty, below the practice of any writer, ſuperior to him who turned the *Æneid* into Monkiſh verſes. *Shakeſpeare*, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great humour in his burleſque tragedy of *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*. Beſides that noted paſſage,

— — With blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt,

he before introduces a mock rant, which *Bottom* calls *Ercles'* vein; which is not only rank fuſtian, but

but is alſo remarkable for it's Alliteration. *To make all ſplit the raging rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates—and* Phibbus *car ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the fooliſh fates.* In this ſtrange ſtile have whole poems been written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occaſion the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam*, which I wiſh ſome of our poetaſters would tranſlate, in the true ſpirit of the original, and praiſe pigs and pork with all the beauties of Alliteration.

THE advocates and admirers of this practice have aſſerted, that it adds ſignificance and ſtrength of expreſſion of their verſes: but I fear this boaſted energy ſeldom appears to the reader. The Alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very ſtriking, diſguſts thoſe who perceive it; and is often in itſelf, from ſuch a diſagreeable cluſter of the ſame letters, harſh and uncouth. There are many inſtances, where Alliteration, though ſtudiouſly introduced, renders the verſification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greateſt lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was ſcarce intended, is one of the moſt pleaſing in all *Virgil*'s works:

Neu patriæ Validas in Viſcera Vertite Vires.
Wound not with Vigour Vaſt the Vitals of the Veal.

IT

IT muſt be acknowledged, that there is ſomething very mechanical in the whole conſtruction of the numbers in moſt of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than ſenſe, and the words are expected to expreſs more than the ſentiment. There are ſet rules to make verſes run off glibly, or drawl ſlowly on; and I have read many a poem with ſcarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all theſe excellencies of verſification: for which reaſon I muſt confeſs myſelf no friend to thoſe critics, who analyſe words and ſyllables, and diſcover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole ſhould be taken together. Poetry ſhould ſeem at leaſt to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be ſqueezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to deſcribe, we ſhould then of courſe expreſs ourſelves with force, elegance, and perſpicuity; and this native ſtrength of expreſſion would have more true energy than elaborate phraſes, and a quaint and ſtudied combination of words and letters Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the ſound echo to the ſenſe, we ſhould make the ſenſe our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the Ancients, and of our own *Shakeſpeare*, *Milton*,

Milton, &c. who breathed the true ſpirit of poetry, without having recourſe to little tricks and mean artifices which only ſerve to diſgrace it. A good writer, who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never perſue words, and play with letters, but leave ſuch a childiſh employment for the ſmall fry of rhymers, who amuſe themſelves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet truſts to his natural ear and ſtrong conception, and knows that the verſification is adapted to the ſentiment, without culling particular letters, and ſtringing them on his lines; as he is ſure that his verſes are juſt meaſure, without ſcanning them on his fingers.

THERE are almoſt daily publiſhed certain Lilliputian volumes entitled *Pretty books for children*. A friend of mine, who conſiders the little rhymers of the age as only "children of a larger "growth," that amuſe themſelves with rhymes inſtead of rattles, propoſes to publiſh a ſmall pocket volume for the uſe of our poetaſters. It will be a Treatiſe on the Art of Poetry *adapted to the meaneſt capacities*, for which ſubſcriptions will be taken, and ſpecimens may be ſeen, at *George's* and the *Bedford* coffee-houſes. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occaſion, and will inſtruct the young ſcribbler

ſcribbler in all the modern arts of verſification. He will here meet with infallible rules, how to ſoften a line and lull us to ſleep with liquids and diphthongs; to roughen the verſe and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R; to ſet it hiſſing with ſemi-vowels; to make it pant and breathe ſhort with an hundred heavy aſpirates; or clog it up with the thickeſt double conſonants and monoſyllables: with a particular table of Alliteration, containing the choiceſt epithets, diſpoſed into alphabetical order; ſo that any ſubſtantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the ſame letter, which, (though a mere expletive) ſhall ſeem to carry more force and ſentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more diſtant ſound. The whole to be illuſtrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be publiſhed about the middle of the winter, under the title of *The Rhymer's Play-Thing*, or *Poetaſter's Horn-Book*; ſince there is nothing neceſſary to form ſuch a poet, except teaching him his letters.

T

NUMB. LXXXIV. *Thurſday, Sept.* 4, 1755.

——— Tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,
Hoc age. ——— ——— HOR.

Think, ſailors, think, though landmen are your hate,
Who likes a mere tarpaulin but his mate!

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

YOU obliged the world ſome time ago with a few reflections on the Gentlemen of the Army: at the preſent juncture, a word or two on our Sea-Officers would not be unſeaſonable. I do not mean, that you ſhould preſume to direct them how to behave in their ſeveral ſtations, but rather to remark on their conduct and converſation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfaſhionable dye, which their manners often take from the ſalt-water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on ſhore. If you could aſſiſt in blotting out theſe ſtains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeneſs to their ordinary converſation, and would be of as much ſervice to our naval commanders in this point,

point, as he was to navigation in general, who firſt invented the compaſs.

As the converſation of thoſe fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is uſually flat and inſipid, that of our ſea-officers is turbulent and boiſterous: and as a trip to *Paris* has perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the ſeaman, who comes home ſo rough and unpoliſhed, that one would imagine he had not viſited any nation in the world, except the Savages, or the *Hottentots*. The many advantages he has received from having ſeen the cuſtoms and manners of ſo many different people, it is natural to ſuppoſe, would render his converſation very deſireable, as being in itſelf particularly inſtructive and entertaining; but this roughneſs, which clings to the ſeaman's behaviour, like tar to his trowſers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite ſociety. He behaves at an aſſembly, as if he was upon deck; and his whole deportment manifeſtly betrays, that he is, according to the common phraſe, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from him concerning the ſeveral nations he has viſited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin: and he ſeems to know as little of them,

them, as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the ſake of improvement, rid poſt through all *Europe*.

THAT our ordinary ſeamen, who are many of them draughted from the very loweſt of the populace, ſhould be thus uncivilized, is no wonder. The common ſailor's education in *Tottenham Court*, or at *Hockley in the Hole*, has not qualified him to improve by juſt reflections on what he ſees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of univerſity education, ſuitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite ſeminaries which he came from. A common ſailor too is full as polite as a common ſoldier; and behaves as genteely to a *Wapping* landlady, as the gentleman ſoldier at a ſuttling-houſe. But ſurely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their ſituation: and it is beneath the dignity of the *Britiſh* Flag to have an Admiral behave as rudely as a Swabber, or a Commodore as foul-mouthed as a Boatſwain.

IT may perhaps be alledged in excuſe, that the being placed among ſuch a boiſterous ſet of people as our common ſailors, muſt unavoidably wear off all politeneſs and good manners: as it is

remarkable, that all thoſe, who are employed in the care of horſes, grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often obſerve thoſe juſtices, whoſe chief buſineſs is the examination of highwaymen, houſe-breakers, and ſtreet-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be ſome truth in this, the commander ſhould therefore be ſtill more on his guard to preſerve the gentleman in his behaviour, and like the ſea itſelf, when the ſtorm is over, grow ſmooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the *Thames* to abuſe the other paſſengers on the water; and there are certain ſet terms of abuſe, which fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occaſion. A wag might perhaps amuſe himſelf with this water-language in his voyage to *Vaux-Hall*, but muſt be a very ſilly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on ſhore with him. In the ſame manner ſome roughneſs may perhaps be neceſſary to keep the crew in order: but it is abſurd for an officer to retain his harſhneſs in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and diſciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine-tails.

BUT the worſt part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract

contract for all mankind, except their fellow-ſeamen. They look on the reſt of the world as a ſet of freſh-water wretches, who could be of no ſervice in a ſtorm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obſtinacy are particularly deaf to any propoſals of new improvements in navigation: though experience daily teaches them the great uſe of the diſcoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion, how ſtudious men can ſit at home, and deviſe charts and inſtruments to direct them in their courſe; they deſpiſe thoſe ingenious perſons, who would aſſiſt them in their undertakings; while they conſider them with the utmoſt contempt, as going round the world in their cloſets, and ſailing at ſea in their elbow-chairs. It is no leſs ſhameful than true, that the Ventilator, one of the moſt beneficial inventions that ever was deviſed, was firſt offered to the ſervice of our men of war, and rejected. It was firſt uſed in foreign ſhips, then by our merchantmen, and laſt of all among our men of war, to whoſe uſe it was firſt recommended. This is a ſtrong proof of that fatal obſtinacy, which our ſea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further inſtance of it, I have been told of an Admiral's indignation on this ſubject, venting itſelf in the following manner. "A pack of blockheads, ſaid he, ſit

" poring, and pretend to make improvements
" for our uſe. They tell you, that they diſcover
" this, and diſcover that; but I tell you they are
" all fools.——For inſtance now, they ſay the
" world is round; every one of them ſays the
" world is round;——but I have been all round
" the world, and it is as flat as this table."

THE unpoliſhed behaviour of our ſea-officers is in great meaſure owing to their being often ſent to ſea very young, with little or no education beyond what they have received at the academy of *Woolwich* or *Portſmouth*. A lad of good family, but untoward parts, or miſchievous diſpoſition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-ſchool, or ſnubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ſhip in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at firſt meſſes with the loweſt of the ſeamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly meſs-mates in the courſe of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, ſing a bawdy catch, and dance an horn-pipe. Theſe genteel accompliſhments he is ſure to retain, as he grows old in the ſervice; and if he has the good fortune to riſe to a command, he is as ſurly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the maſt.

AFTER

AFTER all it is but juſtice to confeſs, that there are many among our ſea-officers, who deſervedly bear the character of Gentlemen and Scholars; and it is eaſy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the reſt of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of ſervice, are as mere logs as the main-maſt. An officer, who has any reliſh for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and ſatisfaction, than in ſauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, ſeriouſly recommend it to thoſe young ſailors, who have the happineſs to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to ſuffer every trace of it to be waſhed away, like words written on the ſands: but that when they return from ſea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. *James's*, as well as at *Wapping* or *Rotherhithe*.

BEFORE I conclude, I muſt beg leave to ſay a word or two concerning our Sea-Chaplains. The common ſailors are known to have, when on board, a very ſerious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and ſedate attention to the ſermon upon quarter-deck, might ſhame a more polite audience at St. *James's* Church. For this reaſon a truly religious Chaplain,

of good morals and ſober converſation, will neceſſarily have as much influence on their behaviour, as a mild and prudent Commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumſpect on this point; ſince, if he does not act in every reſpect conformable to his function, his place might be as well ſupplied by any one of the unbeneficed Doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a Chaplain will ſo far diveſt himſelf of his ſacred character, as to drink, ſwear, and behave in every reſpect like a common ſailor, he ſhould be obliged to work in the gangway all the reſt of the week, and on Sundays be inveſted with a jacket and trowſers inſtead of his canonicals.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

O T. FORE-CASTLE.

NUMB. LXXXV. *Thurſday, Sept.* 11, 1755.

— — — — — — — — Animorum
Impulſu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine. —
HOR.

As the frail dame now love, now reaſon guides,
The magic mixture riſes or ſubſides.

SO long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a FEMALE THERMOMETER, conſtructed by my ingenious friend Mr. *James Ayſcough*, Optician,

tician, on *Ludgate-Hill*, and I then informed the public, that "the liquor contained within the "tube was a chemical mixture, which being "acted upon by the circulation of the blood "and animal ſpirits, would riſe and fall accord-"ing to the deſires and affections of the wearer." But I have now the further ſatisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after ſeveral repeated trials and improvements we have at length brought the inſtrument to ſo great a degree of perfection, that any common by-ſtander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's paſſions. The liquor, among other ſecret ingredients, is diſtilled *ſecundum artem* from the herbs lady's-love and maiden-hair, the wax of virgin-bees, and the five greater hot and cold ſeeds: and the properties of it are ſo ſubtle and penetrating, that immediately on it's coming within the atmoſphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the ſame manner, as the ſpirits are by the impulſe of the air in the common Thermometer.

IT was not without ſome difficulty, that we could ſettle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's deſires, which it would be proper to delineate on our Thermometer: but at laſt we found, that the whole ſcale of female characters

might be reduced to one or other of the following; *viz.*

Abandoned IMPUDENCE.
——— *Gallantry.*
——— *Looſe Behaviour.*
——— *Innocent Freedoms.*
——— *Indiſcretions.*
Inviolable MODESTY.

FROM theſe degrees, which we have accurately marked on the ſide of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of ſeveral ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In ſome of theſe we have found the gradations very ſudden; and that the liquor has riſen very faſt from the loweſt point to the higheſt. We could likewiſe diſcover, that it was differently affected according to the different ſtation and quality of the ſubject; ſo that the ſame actions, which in a lady of faſhion ſcarce raiſed the liquor beyond INDISCRETIONS, in another cauſed it to mount almoſt to IMPUDENCE. Much alſo depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dreſs had ſome influence on our Thermometer; as we frequently obſerved, that the riſe and fall

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of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the riſe and fall of the ſtays and petticoat.

I SHALL now proceed to give a ſuccinct account of the many repeated experiments, which we have made on different ſubjects in different places. During the winter ſeaſon we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects, which the play-houſe, the opera, and other places of diverſion might have on the Thermometer. At the play-houſe we always found the liquor riſe in proportion, as the drama was more or leſs indecent or immoral: at ſome comedies, and particularly the *Chances*, it's elevation kept pace exactly with the luſciouſneſs of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot; ſo that it has often happened, that with ſome ſubjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has ſtruggled a-while, and roſe and ſunk about the degrees juſt above MODESTY; before the third act it has ſtood ſuſpended at the middle point between MODESTY and IMPUDENCE; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as LOOSE BEHAVIOUR; and at the concluſion of the play, it has ſettled at downright IMPUDENCE. At public concerts, and the opera eſpecially, we obſerved that the Thermometer conſtantly kept time (if I may ſo ſay) with the muſic and ſinging; and both at the opera and

the play-houſe, it always regulated it's motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our inſtrument at the maſquerades in the *Hay-Market:* but the temperature of that climate always proved ſo exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room, the liquor has boiled up with a ſurpriſing effervescence to ABANDONED IMPUDENCE.

DURING the ſummer ſeaſon, we have not failed to make our obſervations on the company at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with ſome raw unpoliſhed females, who came only to eat cheeſe-cakes and ſee the caſcade and fire-works, the liquor did not ſtir beyond MODESTY; with many it has crept up to INDISCRETIONS: and with ſome it has advanced to LOOSE BEHAVIOUR. We had no opportunity to try our Thermometer in the dark walks: but with ſome ſubjects we have plainly perceived the liquor haſtening up towards INNOCENT FREEDOMS, as they were retiring to theſe walks from the reſt of the company; while with others, who have gone the ſame way, it has only continued to point, (as it did at the beginning of our obſervations) at GALLANTRY. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into *Vaux-Hall*, gallanted by an officer.

officer. We were glad to ſee, at her firſt going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aſpired towards INDISCRETIONS, ſtill gravitated back again to MODESTY: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between INNOCENT FREEDOMS and LOOSE BEHAVIOUR: after this we loſt ſight of them for ſome time; and at the concluſion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern obſerve, that the liquor was haſtily bubbling up to a degree next to IMPUDENCE.

BESIDES the experiments on thoſe ladies, who frequent the public places of diverſion, we have been no leſs careful in making remarks at ſeveral private routs and aſſemblies. We were here at firſt very much ſurpriſed at the extreme degree of COLD, which our Thermometer ſeemed to indicate in ſeveral ladies, who were ſeated round the card-tables; as we found not the leaſt alteration in it either from the young or old: but we at laſt concluded, that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally abſorbed all their other paſſions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has riſen from cards after ſo much ill luck as to have involved herſelf in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the Thermo-

meter has been ſurpriſingly affected; and as ſhe has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor, which before was quite ſtagnate, run up inſtantaneouſly to the degree of GALLANTRY. We have alſo been at the trouble to try it's efficacy in the long rooms at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, *Cheltenham*, &c. and we have found, that theſe places have brought about ſurpriſing changes in the conſtitutions of thoſe SICK ladies, who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

HAVING thus ſufficiently proved the perfection of our Thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. *Ayſcough* will be ready to ſupply the public with theſe uſeful inſtruments, as ſoon as the town fills. In the mean time I would adviſe thoſe ladies, who have the leaſt regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our Thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the tranſitions from the loweſt to the higheſt are quick and obvious; and that though it is very eaſy to advance, it is impoſſible to recede. Let them, therefore, be careful to regulate their paſſions in ſuch manner, as that their conduct may be always conſiſtent with decency and honour, and (as *Shakeſpeare* ſays) "not ſtepping o'er the bounds of MODESTY." I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that theſe Thermometers

mometers are deſigned only for the ladies: for though we imagined at firſt, that they might ſerve equally for the men, we have found reaſon to alter our opinion; ſince, in the courſe of ſeveral fruitleſs experiments on our own ſex, there has ſcarce appeared any medium in them between MODESTY and IMPUDENCE.

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NUMB. LXXXVI. *Thurſday, Sept.* 18, 1755.

—— Viâ ſacrâ, ſicut meus eſt mos,
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis.
HOR.

I range in queſt of knowledge ev'ry ſtreet,
And ſtudy arts at Ludgate *or the* Fleet.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

IT has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the cloſet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reaſon men have been aſſiduous to heap together a parcel of duſty volumes, and our youth have been ſent to ſtudy at the univerſities: as if knowledge was ſhut up in a library, and chained to the ſhelves together

ther with the folios. This prejudice has made every one over-look the moſt obvious and ready means of coming at literature; while (as the Wiſe Man has remarked) "Wiſdom crieth without; "ſhe uttereth her voice in the ſtreets; ſhe crieth "in the chief place of concourſe, in the openings "of thegates: in the city ſhe uttereth her words, "and no man regardeth her." Every lane teems with inſtruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or curious paſſer-by ſhuts his eyes againſt that univerſal volume of arts and ſciences, which conſtantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places; like the laws of the *Romans*, which were hung up in the public ſtreets.

YOU muſt know, Mr. TOWN, that I am a very hard ſtudent; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never poſſeſſed of ſo much as an horn-book. In the courſe of my ſtudies I have followed the example of the ancient *Peripateticks*, who uſed to ſtudy walking: and as I had not the advantage to be brought up a ſcholar, I have been obliged, like the *Lacædemonian* children, to the public for my education. My firſt reliſh for letters I got by conning over thoſe elegant monoſyllables, which

are

are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in *Caricatura*. I ſoon made a further progreſs in the alphabet by ſtaring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertiſements for ſtage-coaches and waggons; 'till at length I was enabled to make out the inſcriptions upon ſigns, bills on empty houſes, and the titles on rubric-poſts. From theſe I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has ſince been to viſit the *Philobiblian* libraries, and other learned ſtalls, and the noble collections at *Moor-fields*; in which choice repoſitories I have with infinite pleaſure and advantage run over the elaborate ſyſtems of ancient divines, politicians, and philoſophers, which have eſcaped the fury of paſtry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine-compilers, I make it my buſineſs to take my rounds every morning at the open ſhops about the *Royal Exchange*; where I never fail to run through every thing, freſh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a ſhift to ſquint over the firſt page of the *Connoiſſeur*, as it lies before me, at Mrs. *Cooke*'s; at the next ſhop I ſteal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude

clude it at Mrs. *Cooke*'s. By the ſame means I am myſelf become a *Connoiſſeur* likewiſe; and you will be ſurpriſed when I aſſure you, that I have a great variety of the fineſt prints and paintings, and am maſter of a more curious ſet of nicknacks, than are to be found in Sir *Hans Sloane*'s Collection. For, as I conſtantly ſurvey the windows of every printſhop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curioſity as actually in my poſſeſſion; and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of ſeeing them, the real owners cannot have more ſatisfaction in locking them up in Cabinets and Muſæums.

It is recorded of *Democritus*, that he tranſcribed a ſyſtem of ethics from the columns of *Acicarus* in *Babylonia*. In like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge, which I have thus picked out of the ſtreets, has been very extenſive: I have gone through a complete courſe of phyſick by peruſing the learned treatiſe of Dr. *Rock* and other eminent practitioners, paſted up at the entrance of allies and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the ſcurvy is a popular diſeaſe,—that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the blue poſts in *Haydon Yard*, — that nervous diſeaſes were never ſo frequent, — and that the royal family and moſt

moſt of our nobility are troubled with corns.—I was completely grounded in politics by ſtopping at *Temple-Bar* every morning to read the *Gazetteer*, which uſed to be ſtuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their ſtands. But above all, I have acquired the moſt ſublime notions of religion, by liſtening attentively to the ſpirited harangues of our moſt eminent field-preachers: and I confeſs myſelf highly obliged to the itinerant miſſionaries of *Whitefield*, *Weſley*, and *Zinzendorf*, who have inſtructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint-ſtools. Next to theſe, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I conſtantly uſed to thruſt myſelf into the circle gathered round them, and liſten to their ditties, 'till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewiſe got ſome notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too ſcanty for me ever to get admittance even among the Gods in the upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourſe to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outſide of one of the pit doors: the next act I took my ſtand at the other: and as the author generally riſes in the middle, I could catch the moſt tearing parts during the third act in the paſſage to the two-ſhilling gallery;

gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively liſtened to the pathetic, at the concluſion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

ENDOWED with ſo much learning, you will doubtleſs be curious to know to what purpoſes I have turned it. Almoſt before I could read at all, I got into the ſervice of a very eminent doctor of phyſick, who employed me in ſticking up his bills, and ſlipping them ſlily into the hands of ſpindle-ſhanked youngfellows, as they paſſed by. After this, by cloſely ſtudying theſe elegant compoſitions, I got together a ſufficient ſet of medical phraſes, which (by the help of *Bayley*'s dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for thoſe doctors, who were not ſo happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my buſineſs was to invent terrible ſtories, write *Yorkſhire* tragedies, and occaſionally to put the ordinary of *Newgate*'s Account of Dying Speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works that required a greater fund of erudition, ſuch as bog-houſe miſcellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-half-penny magazine.

magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an Eves-dropper, or collector of News for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lies for the day. Once, indeed, being out of other buſineſs, I deſcended to the mean office of a ballad-ſinger, and hawked my own verſes; but not having a good ear for muſic, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of Methodiſt Preacher. In this ſtation I made new converts every day among the old women by my ſighs and groans, who in return contributed their half-pence, which I diſpoſed of in charity to myſelf: but I was at laſt beat off the field by a journeyman ſhoe-maker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myſelf deſerted by my uſual audience, I became Setter to a Fleet-Parſon.

My employment now was to take my ſtand at the end of *Fleet-Market*, and whenever I ſaw any gaping young couple ſtaring about them, to whiſper them ſoftly in the ear, and aſk them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my maſter the doctor died, I made a ſhift

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to purchaſe his entire ſtock in trade, (conſiſting of a ruſty caſſock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and ſucceeded him in his benefice of the *Hand-and-Pen Chapel*. I now got a more comfortable ſubſiſtance than many regularly ordained curates in the country: but the Marriage-Act ſoon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of *May Fair*, the reverend Dr. *Keith*, is forced to ſell ſnuff in the Fleet-priſon, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

THUS, Mr. TOWN, have I ſet before you the progreſs I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumſtances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any proviſion for the poor diſtreſt Clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a New Oratory-Chapel in *Fleet-Market*, to be conducted on the ſame principles with that eſtabliſhed in *Clare-Market*; and for which I flatter myſelf, I ſhall appear no leſs qualified by my education, than the renowned *Henley*, or any of his butchers. I ſhall, therefore, beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble ſervant,

T ORATOR HIGGINS.

NUMB. LXXXVII. *Thurſday, Sept.* 25, 1755.

Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulâque precabor?
MART.

So wide a ſwallow, and ſo vaſt a paunch,
Say what ſhall cram? a turbot or an haunch?

EATING and drinking being abſolutely requiſite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and ſatisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very ſmall part of the world, that eat becauſe they are hungry, or drink becauſe they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to ſnatch an haſty meal with his wife and children, that he may have ſtrength to return to his work; and the porter finds it neceſſary to refreſh himſelf with a full pot of entire butt, while he reſts his load upon the bulk at the ale-houſe door. But thoſe, who have more leiſure to ſtudy what they ſhall eat and drink, require ſomething more in their food, than what is barely wholſome or neceſſary; their palates muſt be gratified with rich ſauces and high-ſeaſoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourſe to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate

anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their ſtomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a ſort of men, whoſe chief pride is a good taſte (as they call it) and a great ſtomach: and the whole buſineſs of their lives is included in their breakfaſt, dinner and ſupper. Theſe people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour ſhoulders of mutton and peck-loaves for wagers, whether a duke at *White's*, or a chairman at the *Blue-Poſts*, are certainly of the number of thoſe, "whom nature, (as *Salluſt* tells us) has made like the "brutes, obedient to their bellies;" and, indeed, partake in ſome meaſure of the ſentence paſſed on the Serpent, "to be curſed above all cattle, "and to go for ever on their bellies."

THERE are many vices and follies, which men endeavour to hide from the reſt of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming: and ſeem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the ſons of Folly. Indeed, as the politeneſs of the *French* language has diſtinguiſhed every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courteſy of our own has honoured their beaſtly gluttony by the name of *Good Living*, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himſelf into your good opinion,

opinion, and recommend himſelf to your eſteem by an exquiſite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chace, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, ſo the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquiſite entertainment.

I HAVE been led into theſe thoughts by an acquaintance, which I have lately made with a perſon, whoſe whole converſation is, literally ſpeaking, *Table-Talk*. His brain ſeems to be ſtuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, conſiſting of ſeveral diſhes, which he is perpetually ſerving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was ſaid of *Longinus*, that he was a Walking Library, in the ſame manner I conſider this gentleman as a Walking Larder: and as the orations of *Demoſthenes* were ſaid to ſmell of the lamp, ſo my friend's whole converſation ſavours of the kitchen. He even makes uſe of his ſtomach as an artificial memory: and recollects every place he has been at, and every perſon he has ſeen, by ſome circumſtances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, "for there the cook ſpoiled a "fine turbot." Another houſe is recollected, "becauſe

" becauſe the parſon took all the fat of the " haunch of veniſon:" he remembers a gentleman you mention, " becauſe he had the ſmalleſt " ſtomach he never knew;" or one lady, " becauſe ſhe drank a great deal of wine at ſupper;" and another " becauſe ſhe had the beſt " receipt for making her pickled cucumbers " look green."

His paſſion for eating alſo influences all his actions, diverſions, and ſtudies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he ſays, his perſuit is animated by the hopes of ſeeing puſs ſmoking on the table: but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chace after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occaſion, on account of the diſorders which his ruling paſſion has brought upon him, to viſit the ſeveral Wells in the kingdom: but theſe he conſiders, not as places where perſons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. " *Bath*, ſays he, is " one of the beſt markets in the world; at *Tunbridge* you have fine mutton, and moſt exquiſite wheat-ears: but at *Cheltenham*, pox take " the place, you have nothing but cow-beef, " red veal, and white bacon." He looks upon every part of *England* in the ſame light; and would

would as ſoon go to *Cheſhire* for butter, and *Suffolk* for cheeſe, as miſs eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the moſt excellent in it's kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite diſh: and it was but laſt week, that he appointed a friend in *Buckinghamſhire* to meet him at *Uxbridge*, "which (ſays he in his letter) is the beſt place "we can ſettle our buſineſs at, on account of "thoſe excellent rolls we may have for breakfaſt, "and the delicious trout we are ſure to have "at dinner."

MR. *Cramwell*, for that is his name, is ſo unfortunate as to want a purſe adequate to his taſte; ſo that he is obliged to have recourſe to ſeveral artifices, to gratify his appetite. For this purpoſe he has, with great pains, conſtituted a Club, conſiſting of perſons moſt likely to promote *Good Living*. This ſociety is compoſed of members, who are all of ſome trade that can furniſh it with proviſions, except one country ſquire, who ſupplies it with game; and they are obliged to ſend in the beſt of whatever their trade deals in, at prime coſt: by which wiſe management the Club is ſupplied with every delicacy the ſeaſon affords, at the moſt reaſonable rates. *Mr. Cramwell*, on account of his extraordinary proficiency

in the Science of Eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual Caterer; and he has arrived to ſuch a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is ſufficient, that he ſeems to gage the ſtomachs of the Club, as an exciſeman does a cask: for that, when all the members are preſent, they ſeldom ſend away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy much care and deliberation is uſed in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of veniſon with the fat of another as ſauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution uſed, at the death of a Pope, to elect a ſucceſſor who appears the moſt likely to be ſhort-lived, than by this Society of *Epicurean* hogs, to admit nobody of a ſtomach ſuperior to their own. A Captain of a ſhip trading to the *Weſt-Indies* has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a preſent to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met *Cromwell* in prodigious high ſpirits, when he told me, that he was the happieſt man in the world. "Now, "ſays he, we ſhall have Ortolans aplenty as "pigeons; for but yeſterday that one bale "lotted into our ſociety one of the *Flanderkin* "*Bird-Merchants*."

THIS

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend *Crambell*'s luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a *Bath* Cheese, or a Ruff of Land-Rail from his friends in *Lincolnshire* or *Somersetshire*; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily, as if he had kept *Lent*, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity; and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty, because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily as an hungry *Frenchman* at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an Alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plumb-

pudding; and he has ever ſince been talked of in the city by the name of *Skin-pudding*.

As all his joy and miſery conſtantly ariſes from his belly, he thinks it is the ſame with others; and I heard him aſk a perfect ſtranger to him, who complained that he was ſick, "whether he "had over-eat himſelf." It is no wonder that *Cromwell* ſhould be ſometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On aſking him what he was reading, he told me he was *taking phyſick*; and on enquiring whoſe advice he had, "Oh, ſays he, nobody can do me "ſo much good as Mrs. *Hannah Glaſſe*. I am "here going through a courſe of her *Art of* "*Cookery*, in hopes to get a ſtomach; for indeed, "my dear friend, (added he, with tears in his "eyes) my appetite is quite gone: and I am ſure "I ſhall die, if I do not find ſomething in this "book, which I think I can eat."

O

NUMB. LXXXVIII. *Thurſday, October* 2, 1755.

— — Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe; — Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervâſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
HOR.

A wight there was, whoſe mad diſtemper'd brain
Convey'd him ev'ry night to Drury-Lane:
Pleas'd and tranſported in th' ideal pit
At fancied tragedies he ſeem'd to ſit.
Now to his wits by ſage Monro *reſtor'd,*
No thanks, but curſes on his friends he pour'd.
Ye fools! (he cried) the dear deluſion loſt,
My pleaſure fled, you've cur'd me to my coſt:
Seiz'd with ſuch whims, with phrenzy ſo diverting,
Cruel! to cloſe the ſcene, and drop the curtain.

HORACE, in the paſſage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after *Ariſtotle*) of a man, who uſed to ſit in the empty theatre, and fancy that he ſaw real exhibitions on the

ſtage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a perſon that uſed to wait with great ſollicitude the coming of ſhips into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of theſe madmen was alſo ſimilar: they were both cured; and both complained, that they were deprived of the ſatisfaction, which they before enjoyed from a pleaſing error of their minds.

THAT the happineſs and miſery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be inſiſted on: *Crede quod habes, et habes*; Think that you have, and you have, is a maxim not confined to thoſe only within the walls of *Bedlam*. I remember an humouriſt, who would frequently divert himſelf in the ſame manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and ſupply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and ſuppoſe himſelf to be cheapening the moſt dainty proviſions; and when he came home to his ſcanty meal, by the ſame ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his ſmall beer into the moſt delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his cuſtomers, while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himſelf going to court or an aſſembly; and once, when he was ſick, he got together three or four of the largeſt

tyes,

tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bed-side, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people, who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has stiled Authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not sixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of *Pontac*'s before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a Critic by a kind of magic will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front-boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in *Vinegar-Yard* before the opening of the doors, to secure to himself a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens to most Authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their

writings ſavour of the moſt unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to beſtow, a moſt ſurpriſing generoſity always accompanies every action of the quill. A Novelliſt, for example, is remarkably laviſh of his caſh on all occaſions; and ſpares no expences in carrying on the deſigns of his perſonages through ever ſo many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more eaſy than to be very profuſe upon paper: An author, when he is about it, may erect his airy caſtles to what height he pleaſes, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of *Peru:* and as he deals about his money without once untying his purſe-ſtrings, it will coſt him the ſame whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three *gratis* cyphers, may in an inſtant convert a ſingle ten into as many thouſands.

But it muſt be confeſſed, that we Eſſay-writers, as we are the greateſt Egotiſts, are conſequently moſt vain and oſtentatious. As we frequently find occaſion to prate about ourſelves, we take abundant care to put the reader conſtantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the beſt company, are preſent at the moſt expenſive places of diverſion, and can talk as familiarly of *White*'s, as if we had been admitted

mitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother Essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations, *From my own Apartment*; which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered without my telling him, that I loll at my ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

INDEED, though I have taken upon me the title of CONNOISSEUR, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a Musæum, like *Sloane*'s, or a Library equal to *Mead*'s. But as *Pliny*, and after him our countryman Mr. *Pope*, have left us a description of their elegant *Villas*, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own STUDY. This is a little

edifice ſituated at ſome diſtance from the reſt of the houſe, for the ſake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a ſmall rivulet; and as the entrance into it is ſhaded by a thick hedge of ever-greens, which caſt a kind of awful gloom about it, ſome learned Antiquarians have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather Chapel of Eaſe, dedicated to one of the heathen Goddeſſes. This Goddeſs, they inform me, was worſhipped by the *Romans*, and was probably held in no leſs veneration by the *Ægyptians*, *Chaldees*, *Syrians*, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the inſide are decorated with various inſcriptions alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this STUDY I retire conſtantly every morning after breakfaſt, and at other parts of the day, as occaſion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I ſuffer no one to break in upon my privacy; and (what will perhaps ſurpriſe my readers, I find in myſelf the greateſt inclination to viſit it after an hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progreſs in literature, and have gone through ſeveral very learned volumes, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by

leaf

leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected, ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous *Mahometans*) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them among others no less valuable, in my STUDY.

I MAY safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections I have had the leisure to make in this STUDY; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stew'd prunes had upon *Bayes*, which he tells us, he always took when he wrote. But if my STUDY serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves,

Serius aut citius *Sedem* properamus ad unam.
OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile Seat,
Sooner or later we must all retreat!

T

NUMB. LXXXIX. *Thurſday, October* 9, 1755.

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidineſque,
Et quantum eſt hominum Venuſtiorum!
Paſſer mortuus eſt meæ puellæ;
Paſſer deliciæ meæ puellæ;
Quem plus illa oculis ſuis amabat. CATUL.

Weep, ye belles, ye beaux deplore!
Pretty, pretty Poll's *no more!*
Poll, *the dear delight, the fancy,*
Poll, *the darling of my* Nancy!
Pretty Poll, *whom ſhe did love,*
'Bove her eyes, O far above.

GOING the other day to viſit Mrs. *Penelope Doat*, after I had waited ſome time in the parlour, the maid returned with her miſtreſs's compliments, and informed me, that as ſhe was extremely buſy, ſhe begged to be excuſed coming down to me, but that ſhe would be very glad to ſee me in the *Nurſery*. As I knew ſhe was a maiden lady, I was a good deal ſtartled at the meſſage: but however I followed the ſervant up ſtairs to her miſtreſs; whom I found combing a little ſpotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the ſettee where ſhe ſat,

ſat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a Nurſery for all kinds of animals, except thoſe of the human ſpecies. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were ſeveral cats repoſing on ſoft cuſhions; and there were little kennels in the *Chineſe* taſte, in almoſt every corner of the room, filled with pugs, Fidos, and King *Charles*'s breed. As ſoon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occaſioned, began to ceaſe,—"You find me here, Sir, "ſaid the lady, tending my little family, the only "joy of my life. Here's a dear pretty creature! "(holding up the dog ſhe was combing) a "beauty! what a fine long-eared ſnub-noſed "beauty! Lady *Faddle* advertiſed three quarters "of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. "Ah, bleſs it, and love it, ſweet ſoul!"——— And then ſhe ſtroaked it, and kiſſed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all thoſe inarticulate ſounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addreſſed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be ſtiled the language of the Nurſery. Upon obſerving me ſmile at the embraces

embraces ſhe beſtowed on her little motley darling. "I am afraid (ſaid ſhe) you don't love "theſe pretty creatures. How can you be ſo "cruel? Poor *dumb* things! I would not have "them hurt for all the world. Nor do I ſee "why a lady ſhould not indulge herſelf in having "ſuch ſweet little company about her, as well "as you men run out eſtates in keeping a pack "of filthy hounds." Then ſhe laid *Pompey* on his cuſhion by the fire-ſide; and railed at the barbarity of the human ſpecies to the reſt of the creation, and entered into a long diſſertation on tenderneſs and humanity.

AN humane diſpoſition is indeed ſo amiable, either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cheriſhed and kept alive in our boſoms; but at the ſame time we ſhould be cautious not to render the firſt virtue of our nature ridiculous. The moſt compaſſionate temper may be ſufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own ſpecies: but who would ever boaſt of their generoſity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey; or would any lady deſerve to be celebrated for her charity, who ſhould deny ſupport to a relation or a friend, becauſe ſhe maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a *Dutch* puppy with ſuch abſurd fondneſs,

fondneſs, I muſt be brought to worſhip dogs, as the *Ægyptians* did of old; and ere I would ſo extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would (as *Iago* ſays on a different occaſion) "exchange my "humanity with a baboon."

YET there have been many inſtances, beſides my female friend, of this fondneſs for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulſe of a lap-dog, and inſpect the urine of a ſquirrel: nay, I am myſelf acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter ſo far, as to diſcharge her chaplain, becauſe he refuſed to bury her monkey. But the moſt ſolemn piece of mummery on theſe occaſions is the making proviſions for theſe animals by will; which abſurd legacies as little deſerve the title of humanity, as thoſe people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright ſtarve their relations, by leaving their ſtates to found an hoſpital. It were indeed to be wiſhed, that money left in truſt for ſuch uſes were ſubject to ſome ſtatute of *Mortmain*; or at leaſt that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive ſome ſcheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, mackaws, *Italian* grey-hounds, and tabby cats.

THAT

THAT a ſtage coachman ſhould love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country-ſquire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not ſo ſurpriſing, becauſe the reaſon of their regard for them is eaſily accounted for: and a ſea-captain has, upon the ſame principles, been known to contract an affection for his ſhip. Yet no coachman would, like *Caligula*, tye his horſes to a golden rack: but thinks he ſhews ſufficient kindneſs by giving them a good feed and clean ſtraw: and the country ſportſman takes care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horſe-fleſh; but would never think of placing them on cuſhions before the fire, and cramming them with fricaſſees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his eſtate.

THIS irregular paſſion (if I may ſo call it) is moſt frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the ſlighted gallant envied the careſſes given to a lap-dog, or kiſſes beſtowed on a ſquirrel! and "I would I were thy bird!" has been the fond exclamation of many a *Romeo*. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beaſts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies diſcard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites, when they can beſtow their endearments on a huſband. Wherefore, theſe

dry

dry nurſes to Pugs and Grimalkins are moſtly to be met with among thoſe females, who have been diſappointed in the affairs of love, and have againſt their will retained the flower of virginity, 'till it has withered in their poſſeſſion. It often happens that there is ſome kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an inſtance of a lady's paſſion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt, who once languiſhed for a beau, whoſe heart is now devoted to a monkey.

BUT I ſhould not ſo much quarrel with theſe humane ladies, who chuſe to ſettle their affections on the brute ſpecies, if their love for theſe pretty creatures was not troubleſome to others who are not ſo ſenſible of the charms of a ſnub noſe, or cannot diſcover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much ſeeming rapture as herſelf: in like manner, if lady would take it as an affront to her own perſon, if you did not pay your addreſſes equally to her pug or paroquet. I know a young fellow, that was cut off with a ſhilling by an old maiden aunt, on

on whom he had great dependance, because he gave poor *Hary* a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another, who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his careſſes to her dearmouſe. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that the embraces and endearments beſtowed on theſe rivals of the human ſpecies ſhould be as private as the moſt ſecret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and ſqualling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nurſery. We may often ſee a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a ſnarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to ſtop ſhort in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raiſed from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug: and I once ſaw a tragedy monarch diſturbed in his laſt moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a diſcerning critic of king *Charles*'s black breed, who jumped out of the ſtage-box, and faſtening upon the hero's periwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear ſtrange, after what has been ſaid, that theſe ladies, or lady-like gentlemen,

men, should be as ſolicitous to preſerve the breed of their favourite animals, as a ſportſman of his hounds and horſes. I have known a gentleman in St. *James*'s Street ſend his little *Cupid* in a ſedan chair as far as *Groſvenor* Square, to wait upon a lady's *Very* for this very purpoſe: and I ſhall never forget a Card, which was ſent to another lady on a like occaſion, expreſſed in the following terms. — "Mr. —'s compliments to Lady "*Betty* ——, is glad to hear Miſs *Chloe* is "ſafely delivered, and begs as a particular "favour, that her ladyſhip would be pleaſed "to ſet her down for a *puppy*."

O

NUMB. XC. *Thurſday, October* 15, 1755.

— — — Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit, video ingenium. — — — HOR.

Ah, what can Application do,
Unleſs we have a Genius too?
Or Genius how have cultivation,
Without due pains and Application?

IF we conſider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we ſhall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many inſtances

instances disappointed. Those, who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a Genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a Genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he had no Genius at all.

It is a shocking drawback from a father's happiness, when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that those very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time those, whom nature threw far behind him, are by Application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his Genius, 'till it subsists no longer, but

but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these easy Geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet-prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere Genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry Cases and Reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a Brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not chuse to be bantered out of their estates, or joked out of their lives: and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of

Accounts,

Accounts, or despise the *Italian* Method of Book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid and useless, as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the Verses on *Invention*, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE

HARE *and the* TORTOISE.

GENIUS, bleft term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapply'd)
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have crift'ned Inclination.

But yet suppose a Genius true;
Exempli gratia, me or you.
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;

Surmounting

Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Should he preſume alone on parts,
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts?
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?

Suppoſe your watch a *Graham* make,
Gold if you will, for value ſake,
It's ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true:
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?

Some genial ſpark of *Phœbus'* rays
Perhaps within our boſom plays.
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeems to riſe:
Nay Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before eye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as ſung,

And uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward Hare of ſwiftneſs vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging croud;
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boaſt, 'twere vain to follow,
For horſe and dog, he'd beat them *hollow*.
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtript his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation,
"O Puſs! it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
"When I defy thee to the race.
"Come, 'tis a match,—nay no denial,
"I lay my ſhell upon the trial."

'Twas done and done,—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.
The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtrip'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,
And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
"Friend Tortoiſe, cries the jeering Hare,
"Your burthen's more than you can bear:
"To help your ſpeed, it were as well
"That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell.

"Jog

" Jog on a little faſter prithee,
" I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So ſaid, ſo done,—and ſafely ſure;
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd, (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoiſe heard the taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*;
Still drawl'd along, as who ſhould ſay
I win, like *Fabius*, by delay:
On to the goal ſecurely crept;
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoiſe ſpake:
" Puſs, though I own thy quicker parts,
" Things are not always won by ſtarts:
" You may deride my awkward pace,
" But ſlow and ſteady wins the race."

NUMB. XCI. *Thurſday, October* 23, 1755.

Omnia Caſtor emit; ſic fiet ut omnia vendet.
MART.

Such Bargains purchas'd by his dear,
Her Taſte at Auctions ſhewing,
Himſelf muſt turn an Auctioneer——
A going, a going, a going.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

I Am married to a woman of the moſt notable diſpoſition, who values herſelf upon going the neareſt way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body elſe. But her œconomy is ſo ſtrangely expenſive, and her ſavings attended with ſuch ridiculous extravagance, that ſhe has almoſt undone me by her frugality.

IN the firſt place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent *Market-woman*. She underſtands this buſineſs ſo well, it ſeems, that ſhe buys every thing better of it's ſort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other perſon: for which reaſon ſhe always undertakes it herſelf, and trudges

to

to market with all the notable airs and houſewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here ſhe flatters herſelf, that ſhe has the art of *beating down* every thing ſo very low, that ſhe cannot reſiſt the temptation of buying ſuch extraordinary *penny-worths*; and after ſpending the whole morning at twenty different ſhops, and four or five different markets, ſhe comes home with proviſions enough to ſupport the firſt duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural conſequence of this houſewifery is, that above half her marketings ſtink and grow muſty, before we can uſe them; yet ſhe is highly delighted with her management, and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her œconomy, and the complaints of the tradeſmen, that there was no *dealing* with her, that ſhe is too *hard* for them, and that they ſhall be ruined by *ſelling her ſuch bargains.*

I SHOULD tell you, Sir, that ſoon after we were married, my wife over-perſuaded me to take an houſe in the country; and ſhe aſſured me, that we ſhould ſave more than the rent of it, by the advantage of breeding our own poultry, and feeding our own cattle, for the ſupply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it,

and my wife took upon her the whole management of the eſtate; for the ordering of which ſhe had collected together ſo many excellent rules, that ſhe was ſure to ſave *Cent. per Cent.* in every article. The conſequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye inſtead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkies were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to ſave the expence of corn, and were moſt of them carried off by a looſeneſs; our geeſe were fattened with acorns inſtead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of *Lincolnſhire*. Our hogs coſt us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-ſtalks, peaſe and bean-ſhells, ſcalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in conſequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork meazly. We had two cows for the uſe of our dairy; but the very firſt winter, being fed for cheapneſs with nothing but collart-leaves and chopt ſtraw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at laſt died of the diſtemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which uſed to run in the chaiſe, fared no better than a miller's horſe, as ſhe was kept chiefly upon bran, and very ſeldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; ſo that the poor creature, after a journey ſomewhat harder than uſual, dropt down dead between the ſhafts. We had

had ſcarce better luck in the management of our garden: for though my wife prided herſelf on her notable ſkill in theſe matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and peaſe for a groat a peck, we had the pleaſure of gathering them freſh from our own garden, after they had ſtood us in more than then times their value in the raiſing.

AMONG her other houſewifely accompliſhments, my wife was poſſeſſed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all ſorts of Made Wines, which nobody could diſtinguiſh from thoſe of a foreign growth. She therefore ſet about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Frontiniac from raiſins and brown ſugar; but when theſe had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only conſolation, that they were the beſt Vinegar that could be uſed for our pickles. Our *October*, which ſhe contrived to brew with as much bran as malt, and mugwort inſtead of hops, grew dead in the caſks, before it had ſufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burſt above twenty dozen of the bottles, and the remainder was ſour. My wife alſo bought a Still, with it's whole apparatus, that ſhe might

make Plague and Hysteric Water for her own use, and to give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the Still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we *lost* eleven-pence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic œconomy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a *Pennyworth* in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing, of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a *Bargain*. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery, and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away, as the purchase costs. We have as much linnen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the

Scotch

Scotch pedlars, that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast off cloaths sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that slily whisper in your ear, and offer you right *India* handkerchiefs made at *Spital-fields*. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen, that were never heard of, and the Houshold Furniture, Plate, China, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the Auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent *Pennyworths*, that, as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux, and fine ladies (beauties of their times) that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as (she says) all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate *buying things for nothing*, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As theſe valuable purchaſes are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my houſe is become a repoſitory for the refuſe of Sales and Auctions, the only method I can think of at preſent to get rid of them, is to make an Auction myſelf. For this purpoſe I have drawn out a catalogue; and have ſent you the following ſpecimen, that by it you may judge of the reſt of my curioſities.

CATALOGUE

Of the choice and valuable

EFFECTS of Mr. ****,

Leaving off HOUSEKEEPING.

To be SOLD by AUCTION.

In the Firſt Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A Whole-Sheet Print of King *Charles* on Horſeback, by Mr. *Henry Overton*, finely coloured,

Mary Queen of *Scots*, by the ſame Maſter, done after the Life, and painted upon glaſs; the right Eye cracked, and the Noſe a little ſcratched.

A Capital Picture of *Adam* and *Eve* in Croſs-ſtitch.

Noah's

Noah's Ark, in Tent-ſtitch, it's Companion.

Fair *Roſamond*'s Bower, in Nun's Work, by the ſame hand.

A lively Repreſentation of *Chevy Chaſe*, in Lignum Vitæ, Roſe-Wood, and Mother of Pearl, curiouſly inlaid.

Several leſſer pieces of Birds, Beaſts, Fruits, and Flowers, copied from Nature in coloured Silks, ſtained Feathers, and painted Straw.

Merlin's Cave, in Shell-Work; compoſed of above a thouſand beautiful Shells, with a Caſcade of Looking-Glaſs playing in the middle.

A moſt curious Tea-Table of rare old *Japan*; with the edges broke off, and one of the legs wanting.

A moſt rare and ineſtimable Collection of right Old China; conſiſting of Half a Punch-Bowl, Three Parts of a Diſh, half a Dozen Plates joined together with wires drilled through their middles, a Sugar-diſh with a piece broke off the ſide, a Tea-pot without a ſpout, another without an handle, and five odd Cups and Saucers, the cracks neatly joined with white paint.

Some large and elegant Jars and Vaſes in *Papier machèi*.

Several Figures of Dogs, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, Mandarins, and Bramins, of the *Chelſea* and *Bow* Manufactory.

To which will be added,

A ſmall, but well-choſen

COLLECTION

OF

MODERN BOOKS;

CONSISTING OF

POPE's Works, and all our beſt Authors—publiſhed in Ink-Stands, Tea-Cheſts, and Quadrille-Boxes for Fiſhes and Counters.

Miſs in her Teens—The Fool in Faſhion—All for Love—The Way to win him—She would if ſhe could—Much Ado about Nothing—bound together, for the Uſe of the Fair Sex, In a complete Set of Dreſſing-Boxes.

A new Form of Self-Examination—in a Snuff-Box with a Looking-glaſs in the Lid of it.

The

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet—in a small Pocket Volume, containing a Bottle of Cordial Water.

The Posthumous Works of the late Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*——In a Close-Stool.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

T

NUMB. XCII. *Thursday, October* 30, 1755.

O nata mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, fœminam;
Descende. —— HOR.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the serious sot to sleep.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass

rather too freely. But as thoſe vices are moſt dangerous and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at leaſt commonly excuſed, I have been tempted to examine, whether Drinking really deſerves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I muſt own, that after a ſtrict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become Hard-Drinkers, as well as to the conſequences, which ſuch exceſſes produce, I am at a loſs to account for the received maxim, that "in good wine there "is truth;" and ſhould no more expect happineſs in a full bowl, than chaſtity in the bar of a tavern.

THE incentives to this practice are ſome of them very ſhocking, and ſome very ridiculous: as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

POOR HEARTLY was bleſt with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large ſum for a friend, who diſappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The diſtreſſes, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepeſt deſpair; and

and he had at last recourse to Drinking, to benumb (if possible) the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

TOM BUCK, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of *Westminster* school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon town, tossed off his Claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to *Oxford*, he espoused the Tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four-bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well established his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the University, nobody ever acquired more reputation by Electioneering; for he can *see out* the stoutest freeholder in *England*. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the county.

POOR

POOR WOU'D-BE became a debauchee through mere baſhfulneſs, and a fooliſh ſort of modeſty, that has made many a man drunk in ſpite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a ſet of Hard-Drinkers: and though he would as ſoon chuſe to ſwallow a doſe of phyſic, has not courage to refuſe his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always ſick to death the next morning, when he conſtantly reſolves to drink nothing ſtronger than ſmall beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modeſty. Thus WOU'D-BE ſuffers himſelf to be preſſed into the ſervice; and ſince he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the moſt miſerable wretches upon earth.

HONEST NED BRIMMER is at preſent the moſt diſmal object, that ever fell a ſacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his firſt ambition to promote what is called Good Fellowſhip. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his conſtitution; and now ſtalks up and down in ſo piteous a condition, as might inſpire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite loſt all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the ſame means that deſtroyed the natural warmth of his conſtitution. Rum, Brandy,

Brandy, and Uſquebaugh are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to Good Fellowſhip.

HAVING thus taken a ſhort view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become Hard-Drinkers, few perhaps will think ſuch reaſons any recommendation to Drunkenneſs. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by obſerving what ſtrange creatures they are during their intoxication. *Shakeſpeare* calls it "putting a Devil into their mouths, to ſteal "away their brains:" and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong ſide out: and wine, at the ſame time it takes away the power of ſtanding from the legs, deprives the mind of all ſenſe and reflection. It is whimſical enough to conſider the different effects, which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool ſenſible, and a wiſe man an aſs; and ſeems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

HORACE has with great pleaſantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a ſtanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes

becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his deareſt friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a ſtreet-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor ſerves as an opiate, and lulls him to ſleep. *Shakeſpeare* has alſo ſhewn this variety of characters with great humour. *Caſſio* cries, "let's to buſineſs," and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of ſalvation: Juſtice *Silence*, who does not ſpeak a word while he is ſober, has no ſooner ſwallowed the rouzing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noiſieſt man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the moſt exquiſite entertainments to the Choice Spirits in the beginning of this century, to get *Addiſon* and *Steele* together in company for the evening. *Steele* entertained them, 'till he was tipſy; when the ſame wine, that ſtupified him, only ſerved to elevate *Addiſon*, who took up the ball juſt as *Steele* dropped it, and kept it up for the reſt of the evening. They, who have never been preſent at a ſcene of this kind, may ſee the whole groupe of drunken characters, diſplayed at one view with infinite humour, in *Hogarth's Modern Midnight Converſation.*

THUS

THUS excess of Drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of *Circe*'s cup: and perhaps the true reason, why *Bacchus* is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in Drinking, except those, who (like *Steele* and *Addison*) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of Hard-Drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an excuse of this sort in vindication of their Drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that liquor only shews ill qualities, since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to it's natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgustful appearance, which most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the *Spartans* to intoxicate their slaves, and shew them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the Choice Spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed-chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect, what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

WHOEVER

had already poſſeſſed it in imagination. But alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vaniſhed; and thoſe, whoſe heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leiſure ſoberly to reflect on their diſappointment. How many unhappy tradeſmen muſt now trudge on foot all their lives, who deſigned to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, muſt languiſh all their days without the comforts of an huſband and a coach and ſix! Every loſer thinks himſelf ill uſed by Fortune: and even Mrs. *Betty*, the poſſeſſor of a ſingle Sixteenth, flies to the Office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with ſurprize; goes to another Office, pays her penny, hears the ſame diſagreeable information, and can hardly, very hardly perſuade herſelf, that Fortune ſhould have doomed her, ſtill to waſh the diſhes, and ſcrub down the ſtairs.

THUS the views of every adventurer are directed to the ſame point, though their motives for engaging in the Lottery may be different. One man puts in, becauſe he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, becauſe he had good luck in the laſt; and another, becauſe he never got

any

any thing before: this indulges in the proſpect of making a fortune; and that comforts himſelf with the pleaſing hopes of retrieving his deſperate circumſtances. Every one, however, thinks himſelf as ſure of the Ten Thouſand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is, how to diſpoſe of it. We may, therefore, conſider every adventurer, as having been in actual poſſeſſion of his treaſure; and out of fifty thouſand people, who have been bleſt within this fortnight with ſuch ideal good fortune, I ſhall ſelect the following inſtances, which fell within my own notice.

JOSEPH WILKINS, of *Thames-ſtreet*, Eſquire, Common-Council-Man and Cheeſemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy ſituation of the city: he, therefore, reſolved to take a houſe at the St. *James's* end of the town, and to fit up a ſnug Box at *Hamſtead* in the *Chineſe* taſte, for his retirement on Sundays. A Chariot was abſolutely neceſſary to carry him to and from '*Change* every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern faſhion, that it might occaſionally be converted into a Poſt-Chaiſe, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country-ſeat, and back again on the Monday morning.

He

He deſigned to be choſen Alderman the firſt vacancy; after that to be made Sheriff, receive the honour of Knighthood, and perhaps get into Parliament: and whenever he paſſed by the Manſion-Houſe, he could not but look upon it with pleaſure, as the future reſidence of his Lordſhip. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who ſhould take upon himſelf the whole drudgery of the ſhop; ſo that the Squire might have no farther trouble, than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was conſidering on whom this important favour ſhould be conferred, his ticket was drawn —— **Blank**; and Squire *Wilkins* is contented with his greaſy employment of cutting out penny-worths of *Cheſhire* cheeſe.

JONATHAN WILDGOOSE of *Cheapſide*, Silk-Mercer, had too much taſte to be confined to dirty buſineſs, which he neglected for the more agreeable perſuits of pleaſure. Having therefore met with great loſſes in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his ſhattered fortune in the Lottery, and by purchaſing a number of tickets ſecured to himſelf the 10,000 l. He had determined to keep his ſucceſs ſecret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman

gleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly; and before he could know, that he had NOT got the Ten Thousand, hurried him to jail, where he now lies, lamenting that the *Act of Insolvency* had not been poſtponed 'till after the Lottery.

JOHN JONES of *Ludlow*, in the county of *Salop*, Eſquire, Dealer and Chapman, got the 10,000 l. This gentleman was forewarned of his ſucceſs by ſeveral indiſputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a *particular number* four nights together: and while the bells where ringing on his being choſen Bailiff of the Corporation, they ſpoke in as plain words, as ever *Whittington* heard, "*Mr. John* "*Jones will get Ten Thouſand Pound*——*Mr. John* "*Jones will get Ten Thouſand Pound.*" He and his lady, therefore, came up to *London*; and not being able to meet with the *particular Number* at *Hazard*'s or *Wilſon*'s, or any other Office always remarkable for ſelling the Ten Thouſands, they advertiſed it in the papers, and got the Great Prize, only paying a guinea more for their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. *Jones* knew a good deal of the world, having lived for ſome years in quality of an upper ſervant in a great houſe,—ſhe was determined, that Mr. *Jones* ſhould take the opportunity, now they were in town,

town, of learning how to behave himſelf, as he ſhould do, when he came to his fortune. She, therefore, introduced him to the beſt company in all the houſe-keepers and ſtewards rooms in the beſt families, where ſhe was acquainted: and as Mr. *Jones* was ſo deficient in politeneſs, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private leſſons from Mr. *Aaron Hart*, who undertakes to teach Grown Gentlemen to dance. Mrs. *Jones* herſelf was very buſy in conſulting with the milliner and mantua-maker about the neweſt faſhions, when the long looked-for Ten Thouſand came up; and directly after the *Hey-Ge-Ho* carried them down again to *Salop*, with this only conſolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate Number.

Sir Humphry Oldcastle, having greatly dipped his eſtate by being choſen into Parliament on the Tory intereſt, mortgaged all he had left, to put himſelf in the way of the 10,000 l. for the good of his country. This ſeaſonable recruit fixed him a ſtaunch Patriot: and he declared, he would ſtand another election againſt all oppoſition. But, however it happened, the finiſhing of the Lottery has induced him to change his ſentiments; and Sir *Humphry*, in lieu of the 10,000l. has accepted a Place.

Jemmy

JEMMY LISTER, an Attorney's Clerk, was carried into the Lottery by pure diſintereſted love. He had conceived a violent paſſion for his maſter's daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to an handſome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him ſo much, that he immediately ſold the reverſion of a ſmall eſtate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out the purchaſe-money, as far as it would go, in Shares and Chances, got the 10,000 l. He was for ſome time in doubt, whether he ſhould beſtow his good fortune on the young lady, or employ it more faſhionably in keeping a girl. However, his hopes ſoon ſunk to one of the 5000 l. prizes, which he generouſly determined to ſettle upon her, together with his perſon: But in this too he was unhappily diſappointed; and at laſt, like a true lover, contented himſelf with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father ſhould give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes, which he was ſure would fall to his lot. Fortune alas! is no leſs blind a deity than Love: they both conſpired to diſappoint him; and the unſucceſsful gallant, having received a poſitive refuſal from his miſtreſs, out of mere ſpite directly married the maid.

CAPTAIN MAC MULLEN, a decayed Gameſter, made ſhift to purchaſe the CHANCE of a *Sixteenth*, which (notwithſtanding the great Odds againſt him,) was ſure to come up 10,000 l. The firſt thing to be done was to purchaſe a genteel ſuit of cloaths with his part of the prize, hire an equipage, paſs himſelf off for a man of quality, and ſnap up a rich dowager or heireſs: after which it was very eaſy for him to dupe all the raw gameſters at *Arthur's* out of their eſtates, and to take in all the Knowing-Ones on the Turf at *Newmarket*. He accordingly beſpoke his liveries, ſettled the faſhion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whoſe good luck it ſhould be to fall in love with him: but ſo uncertain is the ſtate of a gameſter, that ſince the drawing of the lottery he has adverti[illegible] for charitable contributions to a Diſtreſſed Gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the kingdom.

I NEED not point out any particular inſtances among the other ſex, with reſpect to their diſpoſal of the Ten Thouſand; which every lady had ſecured by chuſing the Ticket herſelf, taking particular care, that the number ſhould be an odd one. The married ladies have ſufficient calls for even double this ſum, to ſupply them with the neceſſaries of dreſs, and to anſwer the expences of frequenting

quenting public diverſions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that "in ten thouſand pounds "ten thouſand charms are centered." Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of an huſband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were reſolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good diſpoſitions behind them, by ſwelling out their Wills with a long liſt of *Items* to this or that Charity or Hoſpital.

BEFORE I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generoſity of my own PUBLISHER upon getting the 10,000 l. As his ſucceſs was owing to his laying out in the Lottery all the profits, which had already riſen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers *gratis*; and had even deſigned to keep open houſe for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has fruſtrated his diſintereſſed ſcheme: Even I myſelf am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week; and (inſtead of giving away my papers) he has advertiſed, that the *Twelves* edition of the CONNOISSEUR will be publiſhed on *Tueſday* the 25th of this inſtant *November*, in *Two Pocket Volumes*, *Price* Six Shillings *bound*.

T

NUMB. XCIV. *Thurſday, November 13, 1755.*

—— Militavi non ſine gloria. HOR.

I too from martial feats may claim renown,
The Cenſor and Dictator of the Town.

AS I was going through *Smithfield* the other day, I obſerved an old fellow with a wooden leg, dreſt in a ſailor's habit, who courteouſly invited the paſſer-by to peep into his raree-ſhow, for the ſmall price of an halfpenny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well ſuited to the times, and quite in character for himſelf: for among other particulars, with which he amuſed the little audience of children that ſurrounded his box, I was mightily pleaſed to hear the following: "—There you ſee the *Britiſh* fleet "perſuing the *French* ſhips, which are running "away—There you ſee Major-General *Johnſon* beating the *French* ſoldiers in *America*, and "taking Count *Dieſkeau* priſoner—There you "ſee the *Grand Monarque* upon his knees before "King *George*, begging his life." As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder, that every method is taken to inſpire

inspire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the *French* King; and not only the old seaman with his raree-shew, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At *Drury Lane* we have already been entertained with the *Humours of the Navy*; and I am assured, that at *Covent-Garden* Mr. *Barry* will shortly make an entire conquest of *France*, in the person of that renowned hero *Henry the fifth*. And as the *English* are naturally fond of bloody exhibitions on the stage, I am told that a new Pantomime, entitled the *Ohio*, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of it's *Hells*, *Devils*, and *fiery Dragons*; in which will be introduced the *Indian Manner of Fighting*, to conclude with a representation of the Grand *Scalping Dance with all its Horrors*.

WHILE this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions, lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive that the common news-papers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the *Gazette* is much oftener called for than the *Connoisseur*. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to

ſhew that I myſelf am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Cenſor General TOWN has done his country no leſs ſervice as a valiant and ſkilful commander at home, that Major-General *Johnſon* in *America*. Authors may very properly be ſaid to be engaged in a ſtate of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by thoſe great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no leſs hardſhips in the ſervice, than the common ſoldiers who are contented to be ſhot at for a groat a day.

IT has been my province to repel the daily inroads and incroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invaſion of foreign fopperies and *French* faſhions. The Town has been principally the ſcene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no leſs formidable than the *Tquattiquaws* or the *Chickchimuckchis* of *North-America*. But as the curioſity of the public is ſo much engaged in attending to the enterprizes of Old *Hendrick* the *Sachem*, and the incurſions of *Indians* who have taken up the hatchet againſt our Colonies, I am afraid that my exploits againſt the Savages, which infeſt this metropolis, will be wholly over-looked. I have, therefore, reſolved to give my readers

freſh

freſh advices from time to time of what paſſes here, drawn up in the ſame warlike ſtile and manner as thoſe very alarming articles of news, which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

THURSDAY, *November* 13, 1755.

WE hear from *White's*, that the forces under Major-General *Hoyle*, which uſed to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at *Arthur's*. The ſame letters ſay, that an obſtinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other ſuffered a conſiderable loſs. We are alſo informed, that an epidemical diſtemper rages among them, and that ſeveral of the chiefs have been carried off by a ſudden death.

THEY write from *Covent-Garden*, that laſt week a body of IRREGULARS ſallied out at midnight, ſtormed ſeveral forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, conſtables, and juſtices, they were put to flight, and ſeveral of them taken priſoners. The plague ſtill rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of *Drury*.

WE hear from the ſame place, that the COMPANY commanded by Brigadier *Rich* has been reinforced with ſeveral new-raiſed recruits, to ſupply the place of ſome deſerters, who had gone over to the enemy: but his chief dependance is on the light-armed troops, which are very active, and are diſtinguiſhed, like the *Highlanders*, by their party-coloured dreſs. The enemy, on the other hand, have taken ſeveral *Swiſs* * and *Germans* into pay; though they are under terrible apprehenſions of their being ſet upon by the CRITICS. Theſe are a rude, ignorant, ſavage people, who are always at war with the nation of AUTHORS. Their conſtant manner of fighting is to begin the onſet with ſtrange hiſſings and noiſes, accompanied with an horrid inſtrument, named the *Cat-call*; which, like the *War-hoop* of the *Indians*, has ſtruck a panic into the hearts of the ſtouteſt heroes.

WE have advice from the *Butcher-Row*, *Temple-Bar*, that on Monday night laſt the INFIDELS held a grand council of war at their head quarters in the *Robin Hood*, at which their good friend and ally, the MUFTI of *Clare-Market*,

* Alluding to the Dancers, employed in the Entertainment of the *Chineſe Feſtival*, at *Drury-Lane* Theatre.

aſſiſted

agitated in person. After many debates, they resolved to declare war against the *Christians*, and never to make peace, 'till they had pulled down all the Churches in *Christendom*, and established the Alcoran of *Bolingbroke* in lieu of the Bible.

ALL our advices from the city of *London* agree in their accounts of the great havock and slaughter made there on the Festival, commonly called *My Lord Mayor's Day*. All the COMPANIES in their black uniform, and the trained band in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vast quantities of chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of provisions. Major *Guzzledown* of the Ward of *Bassishaw* distinguished himself greatly, having with his sword in hand gallantly attacked the outworks, scaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the covert-way of a large fortified Custard, which seemed impregnable.

THE inhabitants of *Sussex* have lately been alarmed with the apprehensions of an Invasion; as the *French* have been very busy in fitting out several small vessels laden with stores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a descent somewhere on our

coasts. The independant Companies of *Smugglers* in the service of *France* are to be sent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house smacks, &c. do not intercept them at sea, we are preparing to receive them as soon as they are landed.

FROM divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crowded with Ladies, who (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) are hurrying up to *London*, to be present at the meeting of the *Female Parliament*. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wise assembly: and as there are known to be many disinterested patriots in the House, it is not to be doubted, but that proper measures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many salutary laws are already talked of, which we could wish to see put into execution; such as — A Bill for prohibiting the importation of *French* Milliners, Hair-cutters, and Mantua-makers — A Bill for the exportation of *French* Cooks and *French* Valets de Chambres — A Bill to restrain Ladies from wearing *French Dresses* — And lastly, a Bill to restrain them from wearing *French Faces*.

NUMB. XCV. *Thurſday, November* 20, 1755.

Mellè ſoporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit. —— —— —— —— VIRG.

The honey'd Cake will loſe it's ſweetneſs ſoon,
And prove a bitter in the Honey-Moon.

AS every marriage is a kind of family feſtival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and diſtinguiſhed like the fifth of *November*, the birth-days of the Royal Family, or any other public day, with many demonſtrations of joy: the happy couple are dreſt in their richeſt ſuits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the ſtocking. But theſe feſtivities are not always ſo religiouſly obſerved in *Town*; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmoſt privacy, and immediately after ſneak out of town, as if they were aſhamed to ſhew their faces after what they had done. In the Country, when the ſquire or any other perſon of diſtinction is married, the Honey-Moon is almoſt a continued Carnival; and every marriage is accounted more or leſs likely to be proſperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and ſheep, that are killed on the oc-

casion, and the hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, with which they are washed down. By the last post I received an account from my Cousin VILLAGE, of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendor of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manour. At the same time I received compliments from the new-married couple, with a large slice of the BRIDE CAKE; the virtues of which are well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before: but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections on conjugal happiness, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following Dream.

I FOUND myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crouded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and upon enquiry was told, that it was the Temple of the God of Marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that Deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of CAKES of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true-lovers-knots: some were strewed with sugar, and stuck

about with sweet meats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. *Pluto* and *Cupid* were busily employed in distributing these Cakes (which were all of them marked with the word MARRIAGE, and called BRIDE-CAKES) to different persons, who were allowed to chuse for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I OBSERVED several hasten to the Altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the Cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be forfeited; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among the quality) addressed themselves to *Pluto*, than to *Cupid*.

BEING desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the crowd, and placed myself close by the Altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to *Cupid*, desired him to reach them one of the cakes in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts: but just

as

as they were going to share it betwixt them, a snubbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to sit upon another, which *Plutus* picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt ginger-bread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the *Alley*, next came towards the altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a Cake. *Plutus*, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning *Cupid* for a Cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little God at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards SOLD it to him for a large sum of money; a circumstance, which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this Temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

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I was afterwards very much diſguſted with the many inſtances that occurred, of theſe delicate morſels being ſet up to ſale: and I found, that their price roſe and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or ſcarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the diſpoſal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the Altar, and had agreed to take between them a Cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked Love and Competence; but a perſon of quality ſtepping forward perſuaded the falſe female to join with him, and receive from *Plutus* one much more glittering, marked Indifference and a large Settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a Cake with a red ribband ſtreaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-Cake; but was prevailed on by a perſon of greater rank and diſtinction to accept a more ſhowy Cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next, and begged very hard for a Cake. She had before received ſeveral, which ſuited her tooth, and pleaſed her palate ſo exceſſively, that as ſoon as ſhe had diſpatched one, ſhe conſtantly came to *Cupid* for another. She now ſeized

seized her Cake with great transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbling the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six and twenty of her teeth in the service. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the Altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat, with a shoulder-knot. *Plutus* gave him a pale Cake marked with the word JOINTURE in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from *Cupid*, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word DOWER.

A RICH rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red-cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the Altar, he met several coming from it with Cakes, which he had refused; some of which were marked RICHES, some FAMILY, some BEAUTY, and one or two AFFECTION. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had for some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last finding his design impracticable, he came with her to the Altar. He seemed, indeed, a little ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of

awkwardness

awkwardneſs in his manner and deportment. However, as ſoon as he had taken his Cake, he retired; and determined to ſpend the reſt of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To ſatisfy a modeſt longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threeſcore. She had, it ſeems, heretofore refuſed ſeveral offers from *Cupid* and *Plutus*; but being enraged to find, that they had now given over all thoughts of her, ſhe ſeized by the hand a young Enſign of the Guards, and carried him to the Altar, whence ſhe herſelf ſnatched up a Cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taſte of it at firſt; but her partner being very ſoon cloyed, ſhe too late diſcovered, that the half which ſhe held in her hand was ſigned FOLLY, and that which ſhe had forced upon her paramour was marked AVERSION.

A LITTLE, pert, forward Miſs in a frock and hanging-ſleeves ran briſkly up to *Cupid*, and begged for a Cake:—what it was ſhe did not care; but a Cake ſhe muſt and would have, of one kind or another. She had juſt ſtretched out her hand to receive one from *Cupid*, when her mamma interpoſed, ſent the child back again blubbering

blubbering to the boarding-ſchool, and carried off the Cake herſelf.

An old woman, fantaſtically dreſt, then burſt into the Temple, and ran raving up to the Altar, crying out, that ſhe *would* have an huſband. But the poor lady ſeemed likely to be diſappointed; for, as ſhe could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both *Cupid* and *Plutus* refuſed to favour her with a Cake. Furious with rage and deſpair, ſhe ſnatched one off the Altar; and ſeizing on the firſt man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myſelf, ſhe would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the leaſt crumb of it was as diſagreeable as a drench to an horſe, I began to ſpawl, and ſputter, and keek; and though the flurry of ſpirits which it occaſioned, awaked me, I thought I had the nauſeous taſte of it ſtill in my mouth.

W

Nurse.

NUMB. XCVI. *Thurſday, November* 27, 1755.

——— Sex paratur aut decem ſophos nummis.
Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus, ſcrinioque ſignatas
Cuſtodit ipſe virginis pater chartæ.
Mercare tales ab eo, nec ſciet quiſquam.

MATR.

Would you the name of Author not refuſe,
We've penn'orths for your penny, pick and chuſe:
We've plays or poems, ready made for ſale;
With wit and humour, wholeſale or retail.
On theſe the public breath has never blown;
Buy them, and fairly claim them for your own.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

AMONG the many *Regiſter-Offices* erected within theſe few years paſt, I am ſurpriſed that no ſcheme of the like nature has been thought of for the ſervice of literature; and that no place has been ſet apart, where Literary Commodities of every ſort might be diſpoſed of: where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their aſſiſtance, might be ſure to meet with men of

learning.

learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the booksellers, who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a LITERARY REGISTER-OFFICE: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription——*Letters read and written for Servants and Others.*

I SHALL always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion; as of Novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I shall retain a very eminent Master-Novelist, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and shall employ a proper number of

of hands, to tack them together with all poſſible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, chuſe to furniſh their own materials for Memoirs and Apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my Office. Beſides ſeveral others, which my men ſhall get up with the greateſt diſpatch, I can aſſure you I have myſelf worked night and day, and have already finiſhed ſix and thirty ſheets of the Hiſtory of Miſs *Sukey Sapling*, Written by Herſelf.

PAMPHLETS of all ſorts ſhall be compoſed, whenever any popular ſubject ſtarts up, that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play ſhall be followed by an *Examen* or *Remarks*: all riots at either play-houſe will afford ſcope for *Letters to the Managers*; and every new actor or actreſs produce theatrical Criticiſms. Poetry, you know, Mr Town, is a mere drug; but I ſhall always have a number of ready-made Odes by me, which may be ſuited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I ſhall alſo have a large bundle of *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions*, very proper for any gentleman or lady, who chuſes to publiſh by ſubſcription; beſides a more ordinary ſort of Hymns to the Morning; Verſes on the Death of —— Odes to Miſs *A. B. C.* Acroſtics and Rebuſſes, for

for the uſe of the Magazines; to be ſold a pennyworth, with allowance to thoſe who take a great quantity.

With regard to Law matters, as they have no ſort of connexion with wit or learning, I ſhall not concern myſelf with their unintelligible jargon; nor preſume to interfere with thoſe authors in parchment, who meaſure their words by the foot-rule, and ſell their writings at ſo much *per* line. However, I ſhall furniſh young Students of the ſeveral Inns of Court with complete Canons of Criticiſm, and Opinions on any new theatrical Caſes; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-houſe. For Medical ſubjects, I ſhall procure a learned Graduate by *Diploma* from abroad, whoſe practice will not ſo much take up his time as to prevent his being at leiſure to write occaſional treatiſes, ſetting forth the virtues of any newly-invented Powder, or newly-diſcovered Water. He ſhall alſo draw up the advertiſements for medicines, that remove all diſeaſes, and are never known to fail; he ſhall compile the wonderful accounts of their ſurprizing cures; and furniſh caſes that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With reſpect to Divinity, as I have reaſon to believe that controverſial writings will be often

called

called for, I intend to bargain with the *Robin Hood* Society to undertake in the lump to furnish my Office with defences of Lord *Bolingbroke*, &c. and 'till I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the *Manuscript Sermons of eminent Divines lately deceased, warranted Originals*, I must make shift with the *Fleet-Parsons* now out of business.

THOUGH I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion,) yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet, who has long worked for the drolls at *Bartholomew* and *Southwark* fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was *half* acted at *Drury-Lane*. My tragedies will be furnished by a *North-Briton*, who walked up to *London* from his native country last winter with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of *Shakespeare* or *Ben Johnson* shall be pieced with modern ones according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an *English Opera*. Songs for Pantomimes may be had, to be set to the clack of a mill, the think-

ling

ling of a tin caſcade, or the flaps of *Harlequin*'s wooden ſword. The proprietors of our public Gardens, during the ſummer ſeaſon, may be alſo ſupplied from my Office with Love-Ditties to a new Burthen, or comic Dialogues, in *Crambo*; and words ſhall at any time be fitted to the muſic, after the tunes are compoſed.

As I propoſe to make my Office of general utility, every thing that bears the leaſt affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my Scheme. Members of Parliament may be ſupplied with Speeches on any political ſubject; and Country Juſtices may, on directing a letter (poſt paid) to the Office, have Charges to the Jury at the Quarter Seſſions ſent down to them by the firſt coach or waggon. Addreſſes on particular occaſions ſhall be drawn up for the worſhipful Mayor and Aldermen of any city or corporation: Laws, Rules, Regulations, or Orders, ſhall be formed for the *Anti-Gallicans*, *Ubiquarians*, *Gregorians*, or any other private clubs and ſocieties. *N. B.* The *Free Maſons* may depend upon ſecreſy.

MANY advantages may likewiſe accrue to the polite world from the eſtabliſhment of my Office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *Billet-doux* written for them with the moſt ſoft and languiſhing expreſſions:

expreſſions: Meſſage Cards and Invitations to Routs, ſhall be filled up and circulated, at ſo much *per* hundred, or undertaken in the groſs at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to ſend to their laundreſſes, or have them copied out in a faſhionable female ſcrawl, and directed to themſelves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penn'd for them in the true ſtile and ſpirit of a modern Blood.

THERE are many other conveniencies ariſing from ſuch an Office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found to be no leſs beneficial to you authors, Mr. TOWN, than thoſe other *Regiſter-Offices* are to men and maid-ſervants. If an author (for example) wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I ſhall preſently get him work; or if a bookſeller wants an hand for any particular job, (as a tranſlation ſpinner, a novel weaver, a play-wright, a verſe-turner, or the like) upon ſearching my books he will be ſure to meet with a man fit for the buſineſs. In ſhort any compoſition, in proſe or rhyme, and on any ſubject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my Office; and I dare ſay, you yourſelf, Mr. TOWN, will be very glad now and

then to purchaſe a *Connoiſſeur* of me, whenever the idle fit ſeizes you. If that ſhould happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the Scheme here ſent before your readers; and in return, you ſhall have the credit of publiſhing your papers at my Office, as ſoon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

J. WITSELL.

NUMB. XCVII. *Thurſday, December* 4, 1755.

De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici. HOR.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not?
Your lacquey, but without the ſhoulder-knot.

I REMEMBER to have heard a couſin of mine, who was formerly at *Cambridge*, often mentioning a ſect of Philoſophers, diſtinguiſhed by the reſt of the collegians under the appellation of *Tuft-Hunters*. Theſe were not the diſciples of the *Stoics* or *Epicureans*, or the advocates for the old or new philoſophy, but the followers (literally ſpeaking) of the fellow-commoners, noblemen, and other rich ſtudents, whom, it ſeems the courteſy

courtesy of the University has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold tossel. These gold threads have almost as much influence in the University, as a red or a blue ribband at court; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine or sup with him whenever he pleases; will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there: and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

THE University of *London* is not without it's *Tuft-Hunters*; who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune at his first coming to town. They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves; for no persons of character care to have any connections with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands: though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest: and as at the University, "where

"the learned pate ducks to the golden fool," the gentleman-ſtudent is diſtinguiſhed by a cap with a gold tuft. I always conſider theſe ſons of folly in town, as adorned with a ſhowy cap hung with bells, which ſerve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

THE dialect of the Town has very expreſſively characteriſed theſe humble dependants on men of fortune by the name of *Hangers-on*. They will, indeed, take ſuch ſure hold, and hang on a man ſo conſtantly, that it is almoſt impoſſible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the *Hanger-on* is ſure to be at his elbow. They will ſqueeze themſelves into every party that is formed; and I have known inſtances of their thruſting themſelves into ſtrange families, by ſticking to their patron's ſkirts and impudently introducing themſelves, where he has been invited to dinner: which, indeed, I think would not be an improper cuſtom, provided they would ſubmit to ſtand behind his chair. They will ſtick ſo cloſely, that all the adheſive qualities of burs, pitch, &c. ſeem to be collected in them; and the line in *Pope*'s *Odyſſey*, ſo often ridiculed, may rather be conſidered as emphaſis than tautology in ſpeaking of Them. The *Hanger-on* clings to

his

his food, as *Ulysses* did to the rock, and in *Pope*'s words,

They STICK ADHERENT, *and* SUSPENDED HANG.

THE tenaciousness of an *Hanger-on* is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly linked that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependance on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful, whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

IT must here be noted, that every *Hanger-on* is a person of strict honour and a gentleman; for though is fortune is (to be sure) somewhat inferior to yours, and he submits to make himself convenient on several occasions, yet on that

account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to ſerve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of theſe friendly gentlemen, who carried his eſteem ſo far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with ſeveral tweaks by the noſe, and kicks on the breech, he received all theſe injuries with patience, and only ſaid, with tears in his eyes, "Dear "*Jack*, I never expected this uſage from you. "You know I don't mind fighting; but I ſhould "never have a moment's peace, if I was to do "you the leaſt injury. Come, *Jack*, let us buſs "and be friends." Their gentility is unqueſtionable; for they are ſeldom of any trade, though they are ſometimes (being younger brothers perhaps) of a profeſſion. I know one, who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often fee'd him, our Counſellor could never with any propriety conſider him as a client: and I know another, who (like *Gibbet* in the play) is called Captain, whoſe elegant manner of living muſt be ſupported by his being on full pay with his patron, ſince he does not receive even the common ſoldier's groat a day from his commiſſion. However, conſidering at one view the gentility of their profeſſion, and the ſhortneſs of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen,

men, the honourable penſioners of thoſe they follow. The great men among the *Romans* had a number of theſe *Hangers-on*, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called *Umbræ*, or *Shadows*; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of theſe humble retainers to the wealthy, ſince they not only follow them like their ſhadows, but "like a "ſhadow prove the ſubſtance true:" for whenever you obſerve one or more of theſe *Umbræ* perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

THESE faithful friends are ſo careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always enquire with the greateſt exactneſs into your affairs, and know almoſt as well as your ſteward the income of your eſtate. They are alſo ſo fond of your company, and ſo deſirous of preſerving your good opinion, that an *Hanger-on* will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himſelf, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a miſtreſs: and as a convenient female is a very neceſſary part of the equipage of a perſon of faſhion, theſe male companions muſt be a very agreeable part of the retinue of thoſe high-ſpirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taſte in expences to pay

a man for laughing at your wit and indulging your humour, and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I MIGHT also take notice of an humbler sort of *Hangers-on*, who fix themselves to no one particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed on to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them, would be to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

BUT besides these danglers after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country

try breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the ſame ſpecies. Almoſt every family ſupports a poor kinſman: who, happening to be no way related to the eſtate, was too proud of his blood to apply himſelf in his youth to any profeſſion, and rather choſe to be ſupported in lazineſs at the family-ſeat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be couſins to the ſquire, but do not appear in a more creditable light, than his ſervants out of livery; and ſometimes actually ſubmit to as mean offices of drudgery, as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of *Hangers-on*, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the ſons of idleneſs: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whoſe bread depends on his induſtry, gives himſelf up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanneſs whatever; and if *they cannot dig, yet, like our Hangers-on, to beg they are not aſhamed.*

NUMB. XCVIII. *Thurſday, December* 11, 1755.

Ut id oſtenderem, quòd te iſti facilem putant,
Id non fieri ex verâ vitâ, neque adeò ex æquo et bono,
Sed ex aſſentando, indulgendo, et largiendo.——
TER.

What ſhall we call it? Folly, or Good-nature?
So ſoft, ſo ſimple, and ſo kind a creature!
Where Charity ſo blindly plays it's part,
It only ſhews the weakneſs of her heart!

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

I HAVE been ſome years married to one of the beſt women in the world. She poſſeſſes all the virtues that can be named: but alas! ſhe poſſeſſes ſome of them to exceſs. Thoſe which I wiſh to particulariſe, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes, are her ſuper-abundant Good-nature, and her boundleſs Generoſity.

IT is a little difficult perhaps to aſcertain, what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of Good-nature; which, of all virtues, ſeems to me

me moſt neceſſary to be confined, or at leaſt mitigated in ſuch a manner, as to hinder it from deſtroying it's own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is reſtrained too cloſe, the world will ſay, that it muſt entirely loſe it's eſſence: but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimitted ſway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as in my wife's caſe, fruitleſs expences, ill-judged conceſſions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

GENEROSITY is the daughter of Good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of Judgment and Reaſon; but when ſhe eſcapes from her tutors, and acts indiſcriminately, according as her fancy allures her, ſhe ſubjects herſelf, like her mother, to ſneer, ridicule, and diſdain.

To illuſtrate theſe aſſertions by ſome examples from among the many miſhaps, loſſes and embarraſſments, which have accrued to us in the courſe of our domeſtic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that ſome years ago we had a foot-boy, who acted as butler, and had the cuſtody of the little plate, which our ſmall fortune could

afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the ſtation; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our ſervice, becauſe he intended to marry the nurſery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent huſband. The raſcal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to ſuſpect people, before we have full proof of their knavery, ſeveral of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higlers, (we then living at *Newington*) who frequently called at our door. At laſt, however, after ſeveral rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly-good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating watch, and a pair of our beſt ſilver candleſticks, with which he voluntarily tranſported himſelf, as we have been ſince told, to the *Weſt-Indies*; leaving his miſtreſs the nurſery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great licence to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing preſcience in foreſeeing his excellencies as a huſband.

You muſt know, Sir, that my dear conſort, in the full glow of her goodneſs, is never contented unleſs her ſervants marry each other. All I can urge againſt ſo impolitic a cuſtom, has been to no purpoſe: Marriage (ſhe ſays) prevents vice, and ſaves ſouls from deſtruction. Perhaps it

it may: but are no unmarried ſervants to be found in *Mr. Fielding*'s Regiſter-Office, or elſewhere, but what are vicious? At leaſt I am ſure, that this piece of ſanctity is very expenſive in it's effects, and is attended with many inconveniencies. One of her maids, about two years ago, was diſcovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill conſequences, haſtened to have them married, and was preſent herſelf at the ceremony. She admired the modeſty of the woman, and the ſober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced that no harm could have happened from ſo decent a couple. In a ſhort ſpace after the marriage, *Patty* brought forth a ſwinging girl; but as it was born almoſt ſix months before it's time, my wife adviſed them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to ſhield if poſſible the new-married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours ſneer at the incident, and ſmile contemptuouſly at the preſcription of cotton, ſhe contented herſelf in believing *Patty*'s own account, that "in truth "ſhe had been married eight months before by a "Fleet-parſon, but was afraid to own it."

In my wife's indulging her domeſtics in matrimony was productive of no other ill conſequence than

than merely their being married, it might, indeed, sometimes prove a benefit: but the chaster and more sober they have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony; and my wife looks upon herself as in duty obliged to take care of the poor helpless offsprings, that have been begotten under her own roof; so that I assure you, Sir, my house is so well filled with children, that it would put you immediately in mind of the *Foundling Hospital*; with this difference, however, that in *my Hospital* not only the children are provided for, whether bastards or legitimate, but also the fathers and mothers.

YOUR office, Mr. CENSOR, requires and leads you to hear domestic occurrences; otherwise I should scarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almost ruined by excrescencies of virtue. The same overflowing humanity runs through the whole conduct of the dear woman, whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles she is full of works of supererogation. Our doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in as great numbers, as at the door of the *Roman* Catholic Chapel in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*. She not only gives them money, but sends them out great quantities

quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals; and she has her different *pensioners* (as she herself calls them) for every day in the week. But the expence attending these out-door petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been discovered to be impostors, is nothing in comparison to the sums, that are almost daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impossible to imagine a calamity, by which she has not been a sufferer, in relieving those who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family expences are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant Good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her economy, that we run but considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged Generosity renders all her numerous excellencies of none effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of clothes, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among liars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

THUS

THUS, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case. I am perishing by degrees; not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly: they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or absorbs all judgment or reflection. To call these errors the fruits of Good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet to give them a harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

IN my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, and the natural disposition of our natives. When the *English* are good natured, they are generally to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself; and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter by one piece of advice, *Not to be* [illegible] *too much*. The highest acts of Generosity are seldom repaid in any other coin, but baseness and ingratitude: and we ought ever to remember,

remember, that, out of ten lepers cleaned, "one "only came back to return thanks, the reſt "were made whole and went their way."

I am, Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

TIMON *of* LONDON.

NUMB. XCIX. *Thurſday, December* 18, 1755.

Da veniam, ſervire tuis quod nolo Calendis.

MART.

Thy works, O Wing, O Partridge, I deſpiſe,
And Robin's *for the poor, and* Ryder's *for the wiſe.*

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

AT this ſeaſon of the year, while the ſtreets reſound with the cry of New Almanacks, and every ſtall is covered with News from the Stars, Diaries, Predictions, Complete Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by *Partridge*, *Parker*, *Vincent Wing*, and the reſt of the ſagacious body of Philomaths and Aſtrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You muſt know, Sir, that having obſerved,

observed, that among the great variety of Almanacks now published, there is not one contrived for the use of people of fashion, I have resolved to remedy this defect by publishing one every year under the title of the COURT CALENDAR, calculated for the Meridian of St. *James's*.

THE plan, which has been hitherto followed by our Almanack-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people, as the inhabitants of the *Antipodes*. To know the exact Rising and Setting of the Sun, may serve to direct the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work: but persons of fashion, whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about it's motions; and like those who live under the Equinoctial Line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The Red-letter-days, pointed out in our common Almanacks, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them: but people of quality perceive no difference between the Moveable or Immoveable Feasts and Fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau

reap

reap from *Ridler's* Lift of the Fairs, which can only be of ſervice to his groom? Or what uſe can any gentleman or lady make of thoſe Diaries now deſcribed to them, which are filled with Algebra and the Mathematics? In a word, the preſent uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints Days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the preſent modes of polite life, than the *Roman* diviſion into *Idus*, *Nonæ*, and *Calendæ*.

INSTEAD of ſuppoſing with the vulgar tribe of Aſtronomers, that the day begins at Sunriſe, my day, which will commence at the time that it uſually breaks into faſhionable apartments, will be determined by the Riſing of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early riſers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the diſtribution of the day, all who have any connection with the polite world might be guilty of many miſtakes; and when an honeſt man from *Cornhill* intended a nobleman a viſit after dinner, he would perhaps find him ſipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniencies of the Old Stile in our manner of reckoning the days were ſo manifeſt, that it

was

was thought proper to amend them by Act of Parliament. I am informed, in like manner, to introduce the New Style of dividing the Hours into my Almanack: for what can be more absurd, than to fix the name of *morning*, *noon*, and *evening*, at present to the same hours, which bore those appellations in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*? A Duchess is so far from dining at eleven, that it often happens, that Her Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a Maid of Honour would no more rise at five or six in the morning, as it was called by the early dames of Queen *Bess*'s court, than she would, in imitation of those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and stale steaks. Indeed, in those houses, where the hours of quality are observed by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other in adhering to the Old Style, occasions great disturbance: for, as Lady *Townly* says, "such a house is worse than an inn with "ten stage coaches. What between the impa-"tinent people of business in a *morning*, and the "intolerable thick shoes of footmen at *noon*, one "has not a wink of sleep all *night*."

THE reformation, which I have also made in respect to the Red-letter-days is no less considerable. I have not only wiped away that

immense

immense catalogue of Saints, which croud the *Popish* Calendar, but have also blotted out all the other Saints, that still retain their places in our common Almanacks: well knowing, that persons of fashion pay as little attention to the Apostles and Evangelists, as to St. *Mildred*, St. *Bridget*, or St. *Winifred*. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. *John*, because I am sure, that people of quality will not think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late Lord *Bolingbroke*. Having thus discharged the Saints, *people whom nobody knows*, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the best company: for the Red-letters in my Calendar will serve to distinguish those days on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting days; a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year, commonly distinguished by the appellation of *Lent*, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to its real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of *The Carnival*. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain, as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their

heigh

heights in this metropolis. Instead of the *Man in the Almanack*, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. *Dodsley's* Memorandum-Book) to delineate the figure of a Fine Gentleman, dreſt *à la mode*: but I was at length determined, by the advice of ſome ingenious friends, to ſuffer the old picture to remain there; ſince, as it appears to be run through the body in ſeveral places, it may not improperly repreſent that faſhionable character, a Duelliſt.

In the place, which is allotted in other Almanacks for the Change of Weather, (as hail, froſt, ſnow, cloudy, and the like) I ſhall ſet down the Change of Dreſs, appropriated to different ſeaſons, and ranged under the titles of hats, capuchins, cardinals, ſacks, negligees, gauſe handkerchiefs, ermine tippets, muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the cuſtom of other Almanacks) I ſhall point out the ſeveral parts of the body affected by theſe changes: ſuch as head, neck, breaſt, ſhoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. *Rider* accompanies every month with ſeaſonable Cautions about ſowing turnips, raiſing cabbages, blood-letting, and the like important articles; I ſhall give ſuch directions, as are moſt ſuitable to the *beau monde*: as a ſpecimen of which, I ſhall beg leave to lay before you the following

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MONTH of MAY.

If the Seaſon proves favourable, it will be proper at the Beginning of this Month to attend to the Cultivation of your Public Gardens. Trim your Trees, put your Walks in order, look to your Lamps, have Ballads written, and ſet to Muſick, for the enſuing Summer. Ladies and Gentlemen muſt be careful not to catch Cold in croſſing the Water, or by expoſing themſelves to the damp Air in the Dark Walk at *Vaux-Hall*.

Towards the middle of this Month the Air at both Play-houſes will begin to be too cloſe and ſultry for Ladies that paint, to riſk the loſs of their Complexion in them.

About the End of this Month it will be expedient for thoſe Ladies, who are apt to be hyſterical when the Town empties, to prepare for their Removal to *Tunbridge*, *Cheltenham*, and *Scarborough*, for the Benefit of the Waters.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

W TYCHO COURTLY.

NUMB. C. *Thurſday, December* 25, 1755.

Ilicet Paraſiticæ arti maximam in malam crucem!
Abeo ab illis, poſtquam video me ſic ludificarier.
Pergo ad alios: venio ad alios: deinde ad alios:
una res. PLAUT.

Let Tyburn *take the flatterers and their arts;*
To fools a nuisance I, a man of parts:
Pull'd by the Noſe by one; I'm kick'd by t'other;
And each ſworn fool, I ſwear, has his ſworn brother.

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who not being bred to any buſineſs, or able to get a livelyhood by work, have taken up the ſervile trade of a *Hanger-on*. But as you have only juſt touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illuſtrate this part of the character, give me leave to preſent you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I FIRST

I FIRST ſerved my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a diſtant relation of his lordſhip's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My buſineſs in a morning was to wait on him at dreſſing-time; to hold the baſon while he waſhed his hands, buckle his ſhoes, and tye on his neck-cloth: Beſides which, his lordſhip had ſuch a regard for me, that nobody but myſelf was ever truſted with cutting his corns, or paring his toe-nails; and whenever he was ſick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-cloſet when he took a cathartic, and ſometimes to adminiſter a clyſter. If his lordſhip had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to ſit at table with him; but when he received any viſitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with ſome of the beſt-looking tenants) in a tye-wig, full-trimmed coat and laced waiſtcoat, in order to ſwell the retinue of his ſervants out of livery. I bore my ſlavery with the greateſt degree of patience: as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will: however, I had the mortification to find myſelf ſupplanted in his good graces by the Chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheedle,

out-fawn, and out-cringe me. In a word, my lord died:——and while the Chaplain (who conſtantly prayed by him during his laſt illneſs) had the conſolation of having a good benefice ſecured to him in the will, my name was huddled among thoſe of the common ſervants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

WITH this ſmall pittance, (beſides what I had made a ſhift to ſqueeze out of the tenants and tradeſmen, as fees for my good word, when I had his lordſhip's ear) I came up to town: and embarked all I was worth in fitting myſelf out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of my old lord came from abroad; when I contrived to get into his favour by abuſing his deceaſed uncle, and faſtened myſelf upon him. It is true, he ſupported me; admitted me into an equal ſhare of his purſe; but conſidering the dangers to which I was conſtantly expoſed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plaiſters to my ſores. My head, back, and ribs have received many a payment, which ſhould have been placed to his lordſhip's account: and I once narrowly eſcaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow, whom my lord in a frolick had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taſte, kept a miſtreſs; and I, as his particular

particular crony, and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened one evening he unluckily surprised us in some unguarded familiarities together: but my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only turned madam down stairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I WAS thrown now upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from *Ireland*, who was just come over to *England* to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all perfuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of *Ireland*; though not one of them had any real estate more than myself: and, indeed, I also had a nominal 1500*l. per Ann.* in the *West-Indies*. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces: and to humour this

inclination, I was perpetually on the look-out to diſcover freſh pieces for him. I brought him mantua-makers, milliners, and ſervant-maids in abundance; and at length grew ſo great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own couſins to comply with his propoſals, that I verily believe he would ſoon have made me eaſy for life in an handſome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I NEXT got in favour with an old colonel of the guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the *Tilt-Yard* coffee-houſe, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war, that had challenged my toaſt. As his ſole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glaſs for glaſs with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When ſober, he was the beſt-humoured man in the world: but he was very apt to be quarrelſome and extremely miſchievous when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: ſometimes he has diverted himſelf by ſetting fire to my ruffles, ſhaking the aſhes of his pipe over my periwig, or making a thruſt at me with the red-hot poker:

poker: and I remember he once ſouſed me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter Jordan topſy-turvy upon my head. All theſe indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was ſure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commiſſion in the army through his intereſt, when to my great diſappointment, he was ſuddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be ſurpriſed when I tell you, that I next contrived to ſqueeze myſelf into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city-merchant, and one of the Circumciſed. He could have no objection to my religion, as I uſed to ſpend every Sunday with him at his country-houſe, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became ſo deſperately in love with her, that I would even have turned *Jew* to obtain her: but inſtead of that, I very fooliſhly made a *Chriſtian* of her; and we were privately married at the *Fleet*. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh,

" Sir, ſays he, if my child had married the " Devil, he ſhould have had every penny that " was her due. But, as ſhe is only my Baſ- " tard, the law cannot oblige me to give her " a farthing."

THIS I found to be too true: and very happily for me my *Chriſtian* wife had ſo little regard for her new religion, that ſhe again became an apoſtate, and was taken into keeping, (to which I readily gave my conſent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I ſhall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me ſince: I ſhall only acquaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of " becoming all " things to all men." I was once ſupported very ſplendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blaſphemy, and ridiculing the bible, 'till my patron ſhot himſelf through the head; and I lived at bed and board with an old Methodiſt lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the New Doctrine, 'till one of the maid-ſervants wickedly laid a child to me. At preſent, Mr. TOWN, I am quite out of employ; having juſt loſt a very profitable place which I held under a great man, in quality of his pimp. My diſgrace was owing to the baſeneſs of an old *Covent-Garden* acquaintance, whom I palmed upon

upon his honour for an innocent creature juſt come out of the country: but the huſſy was ſo ungrateful, as to beſtow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

PETER SUPPLE.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

I HAVE a little God-daughter in the Country, to whom every year I ſend ſome diverting and inſtructive Book for a *New-Year's-Gift:* I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpoſe; which will oblige

Your humble ſervant,

T—— W——

To Mr. *T—— W——*

SIR,

I KNOW no Book ſo fit for your Purpoſe as the CONNOISSEUR, lately publiſhed in *Two Pocket Volumes*; which I would further recommend to all Fathers and Mothers, Grand-

Fathers and Grand-Mothers, Uncles and Aunts, God-Fathers and God-Mothers, to give to their Sons and Daughters, Grand-Sons, and Grand-Daughters, Nephews and Nieces, God-Sons and God-Daughters; —— as being undoubtedly the beſt preſent at this Seaſon of the Year, that can poſſibly be thought of.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR.

N. B. *Large Allowance to thoſe, who buy Quantities to give away.*

T

NUMB. CI. *Thurſday, January* 1, 1756.

——Janique bifrontis imago. VIRG.

In two-fac'd Janus *we this moral find;*
While we look forward, we ſhould look behind.

AS the appointed time of our publication, now happens to fall on New-year's-day, I cannot open the buſineſs of the year with a better grace, than by taking the preſent hour for the ſubject of this paper: a ſubject, which pleaſes me the more, as it alſo gives me an opportunity of

of paying my readers the compliments of the ſeaſon, and moſt ſincerely wiſhing them all *a happy new year, and a great many of them.* But, in order to make theſe civilities of more conſequence than a bare compliment, I will alſo endeavour to give them a little wholeſome advice; by which they may be moſt likely to enſure to themſelves that happineſs, and to go through the enſuing year with eaſe and tranquility.

No God in the heathen *Pantheon* was expreſſed by more proper emblems, or more ſignificantly repreſented, than *Janus*; whom we may fairly ſtile in our language, the God of the New Year. The medals, on which the image of this Deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like thoſe on the ſhillings of *Philip* and *Mary*, nor cheek by jowl like the double viſage on the coin of *William* and *Mary*, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retroſpective view of what was paſt. There cannot be deviſed a ſtronger, or more ſenſible leſſon of moral inſtruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itſelf the ſum of human prudence; for the moſt perfect reaſon can go no higher than wiſely to gueſs at the future, by reflecting on the paſt; and mo-

rality is never ſo likely to perſevere in a ſteady and uniform courſe, as when it ſets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the New Year by a recollection of the Old, and at the ſame time making the ſucceeding a comment on the laſt.

MOST of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miſcarriages in their moſt favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to reſult from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind gueſs, and raſhly preſuming on the future, without the leaſt attention to the paſt. With theſe the impetuoſity of the paſſions gives their reaſon no ſcope to exert itſelf, but, neglecting the premiſes, they jump to a concluſion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous underſtanding, meditate ſo profoundly on the paſt, that they ſcarce take any notice either of the preſent or the future. To theſe two characters, whoſe miſconduct ariſes from two ſuch contrary ſources, may indeed be added a third, whoſe wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixt principles, but proceeds from a total abſence of thought and reflection. Theſe eaſy creatures act entirely at random, neither

neither troubling themſelves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of *Janus* ſeems to bear two heads, theſe thoughtleſs vacant animals may almoſt be ſaid to have no head at all.

But that the neceſſity of taking this comprehenſive view of our affairs may appear in the ſtronger light, let us conſider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial ſurvey of matters that ſhould influence their conduct. The firſt ſort of men, who nouriſh great expectations from the future, and ſuffer hope to lay their prudence to ſleep, are very common: indeed, almoſt every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleaſes himſelf with calculating the advantages he ſhall reap from his undertakings. There is ſcarce a ſervitor at either univerſity, who when he takes orders, does not think it more than poſſible he may one day be a biſhop, or at leaſt head of a college, though perhaps at firſt he is glad to ſnap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hoſpitals flatters himſelf that a few years will ſettle him in high practice and a chariot: and among thoſe few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deſerve the name of ſtudents, there is hardly one who ſits down to

Lord *Coke* without imagining that he may himſelf, ſome time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life theſe vain hopes may perhaps ſerve as ſpurs to diligence and virtue; but what ſhall we ſay to thoſe people, who in ſpite of experience and repeated diſappointments, ſtill place their chief dependance on groundleſs expectations from their future fortune! This Town ſwarms with people who rely almoſt ſolely on contingencies: and our goals are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promiſing themſelves great profit from ſome darling ſcheme, which has at laſt been attended with bankruptcy. The preſent extravagance of many of our ſpend-thrifts is built on ſome ideal riches, of which they are ſoon to be in poſſeſſion: and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce ſquanders the ten thouſand pounds ſhe was to get in the lottery. I am myſelf acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thouſand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm conſtitution, and turned of ſixty, the nephew very conſiderately computed, that his uncle could hardly laſt above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of 2000*l. per ann.* However the old gentleman held together above ſeven years,

the

the two laſt of which our young ſpark had no conſolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth diſcovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might poſſibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himſelf diſinherited.

I SHALL not dwell ſo particularly on the ridiculous folly of thoſe profound ſpeculatiſts, who fix their attention entirely on what is paſt, without making their reflections of ſervice either for the preſent or the future, becauſe it is not a very common or tempting ſpecies of abſurdity: but ſhall rather adviſe the reader to conſider the time paſt, as the ſchool of experience, from which he may draw the moſt uſeful leſſons for his future conduct. This kind of retroſpect would teach us to provide with foreſight againſt the calamities, to which our inexperience has hitherto expoſed us, though at the ſame time it would not throw us ſo far back, as to keep us lagging, like the Old Stile, behind the reſt of the world. To ſay the truth, thoſe ſage perſons who are given to ſuch deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow paſs unregarded by meditating on yeſterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaux in their

their dreſs, who adopt the two modes, juſt after they are become unfaſhionable in *London*.

But there is no taſk ſo difficult, as to infuſe ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccuſtomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already ſuffered, whoſe actions are not the reſult of thought, or guided by experience? Theſe perſons are, indeed, of all others, the moſt to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious exceſſes ruin their conſtitution, 'till at length poverty and death ſtare them in the face at the ſame time; or, if unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter deſtruction of their fortune, they finiſh a thoughtleſs life by an act of deſperation, and a piſtol puts an end to their miſeries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires ſome thought to enſure to ourſelves a likelihood of ſucceſs in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the Old Year, and gather inſtructions from it in what manner to conduct ourſelves through the New. Let us alſo endeavour to draw from it a leſſon of morality: and I hope it will not be thought

thought too ſolemn a concluſion of this paper, if I adviſe my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the paſt, and look forward to the future, will alſo naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being, who has exiſted from all eternity, and ſhall exiſt world without end. No conſideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power, who firſt created us, and whoſe providence is always over us. Let us then conſider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us bluſh to receive a leſſon from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Chriſtianity.

O

NUMB. CII. *Thurſday, January* 8, 1756.

——— Pater! nec jam pater ——— OVID.

O ſhame to Anceſtry! his Grace's Son
Owes his vile birth to Harry *or to* John.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

IT has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's Dictionary, as one of the moſt ancient in the kingdom. We are ſuppoſed to have come into *England* with *William* the Conqueror. Upon my acceſſion ſome years ago to my elder brother's eſtate and title of a Baronet. I received a viſit from *Rouge Dragon* Eſquire, Purſuivant at Arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a *Vavaſour*, and to know whether I ſhould chuſe to bear the *Dexter Baſe Points of the Lady Iſabel's Saltire in Chief*, or only her *Iniſter Corners*; ſhe being one of the ſeventeen coheireſſes of my great great great great great grandfather's fourth wife *Dorothy*, the daughter and ſole heireſs of *Simon de la Frogpool* of *Croakham* in *Suffolk*. This unexpected

pected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. *Rouge Dragon* as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor in initiating him into the Science of Heraldry, and the Civil and Military Atchievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprize in hearing an unknown *English* language, I humbly thanked Mr. *Dragon* for the pains he had taken in considering my Coat of Arms so minutely, but hoped he would give himself no farther trouble upon my account; because I was fully determined to *bear* the plain *Shield* of my grandfather *Peter*, without taking the least notice of Lady *Isabel's Saltire in Chief*, or even of her *Sinister Corners*.

. . . . . .

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that Heraldry is a science, which I have never much cultivated: nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms and Armorial Tokens, may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong: but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body,

body, who thinks fit to take them; insomuch that there is scarce an hackney coach in *London*, which is not in possession of a Ducal Crest, an Earl's Coronet, or a Baronet's Bloody Hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a Duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night-cellar, or for a countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out of my window, I saw the coach of the Lady Dowager —— drawn up before it. I was extremely surprized at so early and unexpected a visit from her Ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I overheard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry; when stepping to the stair-case, I found that the coachman, and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my housemaids, were squabbling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, assumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from *London* to *Derby* in an hired chariot finely ornamented with a Viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstance I was compelled in every inn

to

to pay as a Lord, though I was not at that time even a ſimple Baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. *Dragon*) arrived to the dignity of a *Vavaſour*.

I HAVE ſometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage, which they are generally eſteemed to be: and I am almoſt inclined to think, that they anſwer no deſirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and oſtentation. A long roll of ennobled anceſtors makes, I confeſs, a very alluring appearance. To ſee coronet after coronet paſſing before our view in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion, is the moſt ſoothing proſpect, that perhaps can preſent itſelf to the eye of human pride: the exultation that we feel upon ſuch a review, takes riſe in a viſionary and ſecret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may ſpring from ourſelves, as have deſcended from our Anceſtors. We read in *Virgil*, that *Anchiſes*, to inſpire his ſon with the propereſt incitement to virtue, ſhews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom *Æneas* is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the myſtery of *Macbeth* is made by *Shakeſpeare* to proceed, leſs from the conſciouſneſs of guilt, than from the diſappointed pride, that none of his own race ſhall ſucceed him in the throne.

THE

THE pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should perhaps have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a *French* Novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all vain glories, that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

"A NOBLEMAN of an ancient house, of "very high rank and great fortune, (says the "Novelist) died suddenly, and without being "permitted to stop at Purgatory, was sent down "immediately into Hell. He had not been long "there, before he met with his coachman "*Thomas*, who like his noble master, was gnash-"ing his teeth among the damned. *Thomas*, "surprized to behold his lordship amidst the "sharpers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the "*canaille* of Hell, started and cried out in a tone "of admiration, *Is it possible, that I see my late* "*master among* Lucifer's *tribe of beggars, rogues,* "*and pilferers! How much am I astonished to* "*find your lordship in this place! Your lordship!* "*whose generosity was so great, whose affluent* "*housekeeping drew such crouds of nobility, gentry,* "*and friends to your table, and within your gates,*

"*and*

" *and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor* " *in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and* " *by forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie* " *with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray,* " *my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has* " *brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?*— " Ah, *Thomas*, (replied his lordship, with his " usual condescension) I have been sent hither " for having defrauded my royal master, and " cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to " enrich, and purchase titles, honours, and estates " for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But " prithee, *Thomas*, tell me, as thou didst always " seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, " what brought thee hither? *Alas! my noble* " *lord*, replied *Thomas*, *I was sent hither for* " *begetting that son.*"

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

REGINALD FITZWORM.

I MUST agree with my correspondent, that the study of Heraldry is at present in very little repute among us: and our nobility are more anxious about preserving the genealogy of their horses, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly set upon their Blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put

put into the ſcale and weighed againſt ſolid *plebeian* gold: nor would the moſt illuſtrious deſcendant from *Cadwallader*, or the *Iriſh* Kings, ſcruple to debaſe his lineage by an alliance with the daughter of a city-plumb, though all her anceſtors were yeomen, and none of her family ever *bore arms*. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more eſtimation, than thoſe which the courteſy of the vulgar have beſtowed on the deformed: and when I look over a long Tree of Deſcent, I ſometimes fancy I can diſcover the real characters of Sharpers, Reprobates, and Plunderers of their Country, concealed under the titles of Dukes, Earls, and Viſcounts.

It is well known, that the very ſervants, in the abſence of their maſters, aſſume the ſame titles; and *Tom* or *Harry*, the footman or groom of his Grace, is always *my Lord Duke* in the kitchen or ſtables. For this reaſon, I have thought proper to preſent my reader with the Pedigree of a Footman, drawn up in the ſame ſounding titles, as are ſo pompouſly diſplayed on theſe occaſions: and I dare ſay, it will appear no leſs illuſtrious, than the pedigrees of many families, which are neither celebrated for their actions, nor diſtinguiſhed by their virtues.

The

THE Family of the SKIPS, or SKIPKENNELS, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, *Maitre Jacques*, came into *England* with the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*. He was ſon of a Prince of the Blood, his mother one of the *Meſdames* of *France*: this family is therefore related to the moſt illuſtrious *Maitres d'Hotel* and *Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. *Jacques* had iſſue two Sons, *viz.* *Robert* and *Paul*; of whom *Paul*, the youngeſt, was inveſted with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a Biſhop, and ſoon after became an Archbiſhop. *Robert*, the elder, came to be a Duke, but died without iſſue: *Paul*, the Archbiſhop, left behind him an only daughter, *Barbara*, baſe-born, who was afterwards Maid-of-Honour; and intermarrying with a Lord of the Bedchamber, had a very numerous iſſue by him; *viz.* *Rebecca*, born a week after their marriage, and died young; *Joſeph*, firſt a Squire, afterwards Knighted, High Sheriff of a County, and Colonel of the Militia; *Peter*, raiſed from a Cabin Boy to a Lord of the Admiralty; *William*, a Faggot in the Firſt Regiment of Guards, and a Brigadier; *Thomas*, at firſt an Earl's Eldeſt Son, and afterwards a Brewer, and Lord Mayor of the City of *London*. The ſeveral branches of this family were no leſs diſtinguiſhed for their illuſtrious progeny. *Jacques* the founder, firſt quartered lace on his coat,

coat, and *Robert* added the ſhoulder-knot. Some of them, indeed, met with great trouble: Archbiſhop *Paul*, loſt his See for getting a cook-maid with child; *Barbara*, the Maid-of-Honour, was diſmiſſed with a big belly; Brigadier *William* was killed by a Chairman in a pitched battle at an ale-houſe; the Lord of the Admiralty was tranſported for ſeven years; and Duke *Robert* had the misfortune to be hanged at *Tyburn*.

NUMB. CIII. *Thurſday, January* 15, 1756.

—— Nihil videtur mundius. TER.

The houſe ſo neat, ſo nice within,
'Tis pity we ſhould enter in.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate diſpoſition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the *Neateſt Body in her Houſe* they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: This extraordinary Neatneſs is ſo very troubleſome and diſguſting to me, that I proteſt

proteſt I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horſes in the ſtables.

IT muſt be confeſſed that a due regard to Neatneſs and Cleanlineſs is as neceſſary to be obſerved in our habitations as our perſons: but though I ſhould not chuſe to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-ſweeper's, I would not, like the ſuperſtitious *Mahometans*, waſh them ſix times a day: and though I ſhould be loth to roſl in a pig-ſtye, yet I do not like to have my houſe rendered uſeleſs to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

FOR my own part, I cannot ſee the difference between having an houſe that is always dirty, and an houſe that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be waſhed out of my home, with other maſters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is ſo very notable, that the ſame cleanſing work muſt be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am ſure to be entertained with the domeſtic concert of ſcrubbing the floors, ſcouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am conſtantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be duſted, another dry-rubbed, another waſhed, and another run over with a dry mop.

Thus, indeed, I may be ſaid to live in continual dirtineſs, that my houſe may be clean; for during theſe nice operations every apartment is ſtowed with ſoap, brick-duſt, ſand, ſcrubbing-bruſhes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and diſh-clouts.

You may ſuppoſe, that the greateſt care is taken to prevent the leaſt ſpeck of dirt from ſoiling the floors. For this reaſon all that come to our houſe (beſides the ceremony of ſcraping at the door,) are obliged to rub their ſhoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they muſt ſtraddle their way along ſeveral leſſer mats, ranged at due diſtances from each other in the paſſage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, a ſtep, and a jump. The like caution is uſed by all the family: I myſelf am ſcarce allowed to ſtir a ſtep without ſlippers; my wife creeps on tip toe up and down ſtairs; the maid-ſervants are continually ſtumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to ſneak about the houſe bare footed, as if he came with a ſly deſign to ſteal ſomething.

After what has been ſaid, you will naturally conclude, that my wife muſt be no leſs nice in other particulars. But as it is obſerved by *Swift*, "that a nice man is a man of naſty ideas,"

"ideas," in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the moſt ſlovenly on many occaſions. They cannot conceive, that any thing, which is done by ſuch delicate perſons, can poſſibly give offenſe: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have ſeen her, before company, duſt the tea cups with a foul apron or a waſhing gown; and I have more than once bluſhed for her, when through her extreme cleanlineſs, ſhe has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glaſſes, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket handkerchief. People, Mr. TOWN, who are not very intimate with families, ſeldom ſee them (eſpecially the female part) but in diſguiſe: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aſpect, when ſhe comes before company, than when ſhe firſt ſits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel, to thoſe who viſit us in the afternoon; but in the morning ſhe is quite another figure. Her uſual diſhabille then is, an ordinary ſtuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greaſy bonnet, and a coarſe dowlas apron; ſo that you would rather take her for a chair-woman. Nor, indeed, does ſhe ſcruple to ſtoop to the meaneſt drudgery of ſuch an occupation: for ſo great is her love of

Cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth over the boards.

THIS extraordinary solicitude in my wife, for the cleanliness of her rooms and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for shew and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a *Delft*-plate, that the œconomy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of *China*, may not be disarranged: and indeed my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old *China* not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word,

Sir,

Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be uſed, for fear it ſhould be dirtied; and I live, with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almoſt afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the moſt genteel furniture, but muſt not uſe them; which is as ridiculous an abſurdity and almoſt as great an hardſhip, as if I had hands without the power of moving them, the organs of ſight, ſmell, taſte, without being ſuffered to exert them, and feet without being permitted to walk.

THUS, Sir, this extravagant paſſion for Cleanlineſs, ſo predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual ſtate of muck and dirt; and while we are ſurrounded with all neceſſaries, ſubjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it ſtill a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cauſe of many other misfortunes. I have ſometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruque on one of the gilt ſconces. Having once unluckily ſpilt a bottle of ink on one of the beſt carpets, ſhe was irreconcileable for a month; and I had ſcarce brought her to temper again, when I moſt unfortunately ran againſt the footman, who was entering with

the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and peaſe-pudding on the parlour floor. This ſuper-abundant neatneſs did once alſo very nearly occaſion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refreſh me, ordered my bed chamber to be mopped: and the ſame ſcrupulous nicety was alſo the means of our loſing a very conſiderable addition to our fortune.

A RICH old uncle, on whom we had great dependance, came up to town laſt ſummer on purpoſe to pay us a viſit: but though he had rode above ſixty miles that day, he was obliged to ſtand in the paſſage, 'till his boots were pulled off, for fear of ſoiling the *Turkey* carpet. After ſupper the old gentleman, as was his conſtant practice, deſired to have his pipe: but this you may be ſure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy ſtench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado, that my wife would even ſuffer him to go down and ſmoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls; becauſe the Chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country ſquire. Theſe things very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel

on

on the following occaſion. It happened, that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his firſt coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to eſcape, had crept ſlily up ſtairs, and (beſides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly ſtretched himſelf out upon a crimſon damaſk ſettee. My wife not only ſentenced him to the diſcipline of the wip, but inſiſted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the maſter interpoſing in his behalf, it produced ſuch high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horſe, and ſwore he would never *darken our doors* again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment, which both he and his dog had met with at our houſe, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

PETER PLAINMAN.

T

NUMB. CIV. *Thurſday, January* 22, 1756.

Actum eſt: Ilicet: Periſti. TER.

Ruin'd and Undone!

THE uſe of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects, which raiſe ideas in our minds, we uſe words, which are made ſigns of thoſe objects. No man could otherwiſe convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to thoſe pieces of furniture; as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention King *Charles* on horſe-back, I muſt carry my companion to *Charing-Croſs*; and would I next tell him of the ſtatue of Sir *John Barnard*, we muſt trudge back again, and he muſt wait for my meaning 'till we got to the *Royal Exchange*. We ſhould be like the ſages of *Laputa*, who (as *Gulliver* tells us) having ſubſtituted *things* for *words*, uſed to carry about them ſuch *things* as were neceſſary to expreſs the particular buſineſs they were to diſcourſe on. "I have often beheld (ſays he) two of

" thoſe ſages almoſt ſinking under the weight " of their packs, like pedlars among us: who, " when they met in the ſtreets, would lay down " their loads, open their ſacks, and hold con- " verſation for an hour together; then put up " their implements, help each other to reſume " their burthens, and take their leave!" In theſe circumſtances a man of the feweſt words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus of converſation, than is contained in the bag of the noted *Yeates*, or any other ſlight-of-hand artiſt: he could not ſpeak of a chicken or an owl, but it muſt be ready in his pocket to be produced. In ſuch a caſe we could not ſay we heard, but we ſaw the converſation of a friend; as in the epiſtolary correſpondence, carried on by thoſe pretty *hieroglyphic* letters (as they are called,) where the picture of *a deer* and *a woman finely dreſt* is made to ſtand for the expreſſion of *dear lady*.

But the invention of words has removed theſe difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have ſeen, but what neither we, nor the perſons to whom we ſpeak ever ſaw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of learning it from the cannon's mouth:

and

and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make uſe of Biſhop *Wilkins*'s artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary courſe of life, are like the paper-money among merchants; invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largeſt ſum can be tranſmitted to the moſt diſtant places with as much eaſe as a letter; while the ſame in ſpecie would require bags and cheſts, and even carts or ſhips to tranſport it. But, however great theſe advantages are, the uſe of language has brought along with it ſeveral inconveniences, as well as paper-money; for as this latter is more liable to miſcarry, more eaſily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent cauſe to complain, that the convenience of this ſort of cash is not without it's alloy of evil; and we find, that in the uſe of language there is ſo much room for deceit and miſtake, that though it does not render it uſeleſs, it is much to be wiſhed ſome remedy could be contrived.

MEN are ſo apt to uſe the ſame words in different ſenſes, and call the ſame thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot underſtand others, or be themſelves underſtood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodi-

gality

gality which another calls generoſity, they miſtake each other's meaning, and can never agree, 'till they explain the words. It is to this we owe ſo much wrangling in diſcourſe, and ſo many volumes of controverſy on almoſt every part of literature. I have known a diſpute carried on with great warmth, and when the diſputants have come to explain what each meant, it has been diſcovered they were both of a ſide: like the men in the Play, who met and fought firſt, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themſelves to be friends. What ſhould we ſay, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradeſmen? If you was to ſend to your haberdaſher for an hat, you might receive a pair of ſtockings; or inſtead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furniſhed with a cathartic or a clyſter.

It would be needleſs to inſiſt upon the inconveniencies ariſing from the miſuſe or miſapprehenſion of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the ſpot by word of mouth, or (like a game of Chefs,) maintained, even though lands and ſeas interpoſe, by the aſſiſtance of the preſs. In our ordinary converſation, it is notorious, that no leſs confuſion has ariſen from the wrong application or perverſion of the original and moſt na-

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tural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author, I publiſhed a little pamphlet, which I flattered myſelf had ſome merit, though I muſt confeſs, it did not ſell. Conſcious of my growing fame, I reſolved to ſend the firſt fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man ſent me word, "that he "was ſorry to find I had *ruined* myſelf, and "had wrote a book; for the parſon of the pariſh "had aſſured him, that authors were never "worth a farthing, and always died in a goal." Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, I have ſtill perſiſted in my *Ruin*; which at preſent I cannot ſay is quite completed, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean ſhirt for Sundays at leaſt, and am lodged ſomewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to conſider, in how many ſenſes, different from it's general acceptation, the word *Ruined* is frequently made uſe of. When we hear this word applied to another, we ſhould naturally imagine the perſon is reduced to a ſtate worſe than he was in before, and ſo low that it is ſcarce poſſible for him to riſe again: but we ſhall often find, inſtead of his being undone, that he has rather met with ſome extraordinary

good

good fortune; and that thoſe, who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you ſhould underſtand it in ſome other light, or elſe call him undone, becauſe he differs from them in his way of life, or becauſe they wiſh him to be in that ſituation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injuſtice, in the miſapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man, by deſtroying his character: according to the old *Engliſh* proverb, *give a dog an ill name, and hang him.*

Most people are, indeed, ſo entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the ſame colour. From this ſelfiſh prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder that they ſhould ſee Ruin ſtaring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I ſhall, therefore, here ſet down a catalogue of ſome of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good nature of the world have not ſcrupled to pronounce abſolutely *ruined*.

A young clergyman of *Cambridge* might have had a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been head of the houſe: but he choſe to quit his fellowſhip for a ſmall cure in town, with a view of recommending himſelf by his preaching —— —— —— *Ruined*.

A fellow

A fellow of another college in the ſame Univerſity refuſed to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a ſmoking, drinking, ſwearing, fox-hunting country ſquire, who would have provided for him — — — *Ruined.*

Dr. *Claſſic*, a young phyſician from *Oxford*, might have had more practice than *Radcliffe*, or *Mead:* but having ſtudied *Ariſtotle's Poetics*, and read the *Greek* Tragedies, as well as *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, he was tempted to write a play, which was univerſally applauded, and the author was —— ——— ——— ——— *Ruined.*

A Student of the *Temple* might have made ſure of a Judge's Robes, or the Chancellor's ſeals; but being tired of ſauntering in *Weſtminſter-Hall* without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commiſſion in one of the new-raiſed regiments, and is ——— ——— *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himſelf away upon an obſcure widow with a jointure of 500l. *per ann.* by which he is — — *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though ſhe makes him an excellent wife, he is univerſally allowed to have —— *Ruined himſelf.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the ſtrange ſenſe, in which a friend of mine once heard

heard this word uſed in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and ſpirits, engroſſed all the converſation to herſelf; and herſelf indeed was the ſubject of all the converſation: but what moſt ſurprized him, was the manner, in which ſhe uſed this word *Ruined*; which occurred frequently in her diſcourſe, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It ſerved her ſometimes as an æra to determine the date of every occurrence—"ſhe bought ſuch a gown, juſt after ſhe was "*ruined*—the firſt time ſhe ſaw *Garrick* in *Ranger*, "ſhe was in doubt whether it was before or after "ſhe was *ruined*"—Having occaſion to mention a young gentleman, ſhe burſt into raptures—— "O he is a dear creature!—He it was that *ruined* "me—O he is a dear ſoul;—He carried me to "an inn ten miles from my father's houſe in the "country, where he *ruined* me.—If he had not "*ruined* me, I ſhould have been as miſerable and "as moping as my ſiſters. But the dear ſoul was "forced to go abroad upon his travels, and I was "obliged to come upon the town, three weeks "after I was *ruined*—no, not ſo much as three "weeks after I was *ruined*—yes, it was full three "weeks after I was *ruined*."

END of the THIRD VOLUME.

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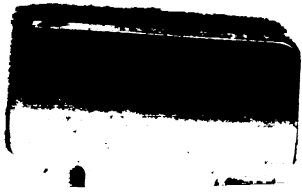
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